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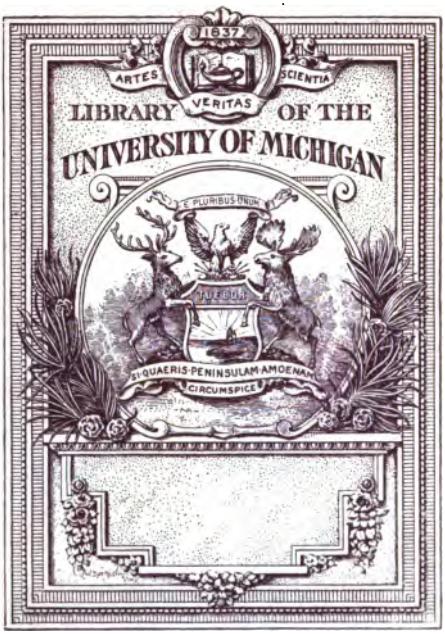
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

POPE.

VOLUME III.

171815

THE

DUNCIAD,

IN

FOUR BOOKS;

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

Occaſioned by the firſt correct

EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

IT is with pleaſure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the DUNCIAD, which the many ſurreptitious ones have rendered ſo neceſſary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY: A work ſo requiſite, that I cannot think the Author himſelf would have omitted it, had he approved of the firſt appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith ſend you: You will oblige me by inſerting them amongſt thoſe which are, or will be, tranſmitted to you by others; ſince not only the Author's friends, but even ſtrangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take ſome care of an Orphan of ſo much genius and ſpirit, which its parent ſeems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and ſuffered to ſtep into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading ſome of the abuſive papers lately publiſhed, that my great regard to a Perſon, whoſe Friendſhip I eſteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater reſpect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the incloſed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived, that moſt of theſe Authors had been (doubtleſs very wiſely) the firſt aggreſſors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or ſurprized, if this or that ſcribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be ſaid to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay ſomething for ſuch a diſcovery: A ſtratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but ſcreen them from the reſentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuſe, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannnot get from them.

I found this was not all: Ill ſucceſs in that had tranſported them to perſonal abuſe, either of himſelf, or (what I think he could leſs forgive) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leiſure or inclination to call them bad Writers: And ſome had been ſuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perſons as well as their ſlanders, till they were pleaſed to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incenſe them? He had publiſhed thoſe works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaſt mention is made

made of any of them. And what has he done ſince? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the Public had ſaid before, that they were dull: And what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe room in the prints, to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; ſince whoever publiſhes, puts himſelf on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers; I mean by Authors without names; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who for ſeveral years paſt have made free with the greateſt names in Church and State, expoſed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abuſed all, even to women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy diviſions of their Country) have inſulted the Fallen, the Friendleſs, the Exiled, and the Dead.

Beſides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confeſſed I had a private one. I am one

of that number who have long loved and eſteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the leaſt valuable part of his character;) but the honeſt, open, and beneficent man, that we moſt eſteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what theſe people ſay were believed, I muſt appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either impoſed on myſelf, or impoſing on them; ſo that I am as much intereſted in the confutation of theſe calumnies, as he is himſelf.

I am no Author, and conſequently not to be ſuſpected either of jealouſy or reſentment againſt any of the Men, of whom ſcarce one is known to me by ſight; and as for their Writings, I have ſought them (on this one occaſion) in vain, in the cloſets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had ſtill been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I ſuppoſe from ſome of themſelves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the paſſages I ſend you. I ſolemnly proteſt I have added nothing to the malice or abſurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, ſince the vouchers themſelves will be ſo ſoon and ſo irrecoverably loſt. You may in ſome meaſure prevent it, by preſerving at leaſt their Titles [a], and diſcovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The firſt objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the perſons are too obſcure for ſatire. The per-

[a] Which we have done in a Liſt printed in the Appendix.

ſons

ſons themſelves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the ſatire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a ſerious anſwer, were not all aſſaſſinates, popular inſurrections, the inſolence of the rabble without doors, and of domeſtics within, moſt wrongfully chaſtiſed, if the Meanneſs of offenders indemnified them from puniſhment? On the contrary, Obſcurity renders them more dangerous, as leſs thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: Morality alone can paſs cenſure on intentions of Miſchief; ſo that for ſecret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public puniſhment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that theſe ſort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuſe at the Old Bailey, for leſſer crimes than Defamation (for it is the caſe of almoſt all who are tried there), but ſure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation ſupplies the want of it in himſelf? I queſtion not but ſuch authors are poor, and heartily wiſh the objection were removed by any honeſt livelihood. But Poverty is here the accident, not the ſubject: He who deſcribes Malice and Villainy to be pale and meagre, expreſſes not the leaſt anger againſt Paleneſs or Leanneſs, but againſt Malice and Villainy. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but Poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatire, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increaſes

the public burden, fills the ſtreets and highways with Robbers, and the Garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journaliſts.

But admitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs in their morals, than in their writings; muſt Poverty make nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the fame of bad authors would be much better conſulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They miſtake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers becauſe they are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleaſant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perſons and characters were too ſacred for ſatire; and the Public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it muſt be allowed, our author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, ſuppoſing them good; and theſe I was ſorry to ſee in ſuch company. But if, without any provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereſt and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themſelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others,

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who ſay ſo, ſince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perſuade myſelf, when I conſider the conſtant and eternal averſion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I would gladly aſk, if it lays him under a perſonal obligation? At that rate he would be the moſt obliged humble ſervant in the world. I dare ſwear for theſe in particular, he never deſired them to be his admirers, nor promiſed in return to be theirs: That had truly been a ſign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have ſuſpected ſuch an Approbation of ſome motive worſe than ignorance, in the Author of the Eſſay on Criticiſm? Be it as it will, the reaſons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally ſubſiſting, for his works and theirs are the very ſame that they were.

One, therefore, of their aſſertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by any good judge beſide, "That his own have found too much ſucceſs with "the Public." But as it cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this as a Juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might ſeem a better plea for theſe people, than any they have made uſe

uſe of. If Obſcurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from ſatire, much more ſhould Folly or Dulneſs, which are ſtill more involuntary; nay, as much ſo as perſonal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of Ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo muſt Dulneſs when he ſets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed becauſe Ridicule in itſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition, becauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topics of the moſt candid ſatirifts, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greateſt Poet and moſt judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn them by their Superiors, in the general eſteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Tranſlators perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abi-

lities

lities in their reſpective nations [b]. But the reſemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almoſt all his Poems, our author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons, for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhould give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at laſt by BOILEAU.

In one point I muſt be allowed to think the character of our Engliſh Poet the more amiable. He has not

[b] Eſſay on Criticiſm in French verſe, by General Hamilton; the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, Counſellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris 1728. and in Italian verſe, by the Abbé Conti, a Noble Venetian; and the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Eſſays and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated into French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verſe; by Monſieur Silhout, in proſe, 1737, and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

been

been a follower of Fortune or Succeſs; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without penſions, from whom, as he aſked, ſo he received, no favour, but what was done Him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delayed, ſo were his Panegyries; beſtowed only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerved in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power or out of faſhion [c]. A ſatire, therefore, on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practice, became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none, it is plain, was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abuſed, namely the Greateſt and Beſt of all Parties. Let me add a further reaſon, that, though engaged in their Friendſhips, he never eſpouſed their Animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

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[c] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed againſt his book of Poems; Mr. Walſh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had reſigned the Office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his laſt decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude with remarking, what a pleaſure it muſt be to every reader of Humanity, to ſee all along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only puniſhing that of others. As to his Poem, thoſe alone are capable of doing it juſtice, who, to uſe the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his ſubject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM.

I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22d, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND [d].

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[d] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the Univerſity of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He ſerved in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having ſhewn himſelf for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other aſſiſtance of Fortune) he was ſuddenly diſplaced by the Miniſter, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a perſon of univerſal Learning, and an enlarged Converſation; no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a ſincerer attachment to the Conſtitution of his Country.

MAR-

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS

Prolegomena and Illuſtrations

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

Hypercritics of ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS' Remarks on PR. ARTHUR.

I Cannot but think it the moſt reaſonable thing in the world, to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very perſons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the ſooner, of a ſhort profit and a tranſitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very unfit, and to have recourſe to ſomething in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

CHARACTER of Mr. P. 1716.

THE Perſons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part Authors, and moſt of thoſe Authors, Poets: and the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, Pref. to his NEW REHEARSAL.

IT is the common cry of the Poetaſters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expoſe the Pretenders to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be reproached with Ill-nature for putting the Laws in execution againſt a Thief or Impoſtor.—The ſame will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every ignorant pretender to ſcribbling paſs on the World.

THEOBALD, Letter to Miſt, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be leveled, either againſt Failures in Genius, or againſt the Pretenſions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, Ded. to the Author of the DUNCIAD.

A Satire upon Dulneſs is a thing that has been uſed and allowed in All Ages.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING Our POET and his WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we preſent thee with our exercitations on this moſt delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adverſaria on modern Authors) we ſhall here, according to the laudable uſage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet: Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor ſhall we gather only the Teſtimonies of ſuch eminent Wits, as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and conſequently be read without our collection; but we ſhall likewiſe with incredible labour ſeek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the diſtance of a few months appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou mayſt not only receive

the delectation of Variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the Witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence alſo thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Perſon as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author: in which if I relate ſome things of little concern peradventure to thee, and ſome of as little even to him; I entreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modeſt or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We propoſed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: But as to theſe, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One ſaith [a], he was educated at home; another [b], that he was bred at St. Omer's, by Jeſuits; a third [c], not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford! a fourth [d], that he had no Univerſity education at all. Thoſe who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One ſaith [e], he was kept

[a] Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. ii. in his Life. [b] Dennis's Reflections on the Eſſay on Crit. [c] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [d] Guardian, N° 40. [e] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.

by

by his father on purpoſe; a ſecond [f], that he was an itinerant prieſt; a third [g], that he was a parſon; one [h] calleth him a ſecular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another [i], a monk. As little do they agree about his Father, whom one [k] ſuppoſeth, like the Father of Heſiod, a tradeſman or merchant; another [l], a huſbandman; another [m], a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet ſuch a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildon [n]: "Certain it is, that his original is not from "Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing "but horns and tail to be the exact reſemblance of his "infernal Father." Finding, therefore, ſuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this ſort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverſy, we ſhall defer writing the Life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themſelves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all.

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[f] Dunciad diſſected, p. 4. [g] Farmer P. and his ſon. [h] Dunciad diſſected. [i] Characters of the times, p. 45. [k] Female Dunciad, p. ult. [l] Dunciad diſſected. [m] Roome, Paraphraſe on the ivth of Geneſis, printed 1729. [n] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad (firſt edit. ſaid to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be the author of that libel; though in the ſubſequent editions of his Key he left out this aſſertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad. p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not leſs uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his ESSAY on CRITICISM, of which hear firſt the moſt ancient of Critics,

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are falſe or trivial, or both; his "thoughts are crude and abortive, his expreſſions ab- "ſurd, his numbers harſh and unmuſical, his rhymes "trivial and common;—inſtead of majeſty, we have "ſomething that is very mean; inſtead of gravity, "ſomething that is very boyiſh; and inſtead of per- "ſpicuity and lucid order, we have but too often ob- "ſcurity and confuſion." And in another place: "What rare numbers are here! Would not one ſwear "that this youngſter had eſpouſed ſome antiquated "Muſe, who had ſued out a divorce from ſome ſuper- "annuated ſinner, upon account of impotence, and "who, being poxed by the former ſpouſe, has got the "gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble ſo "damnably [o]."

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical Hiſtorian

Mr. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criticiſm "in verſe; but if any more curious reader has diſco- "vered in it ſomething new which is not in Dryden's "prefaces, dedications, and his eſſay on dramatic

[o] Reflections critical and ſatirical on a Rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

"poetry,

"poetry, not to mention the French critics, I ſhould "be very glad to have the benefit of the diſcovery p."

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED.

Who, out of great reſpect to our poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth q: "As to "the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, &c. both in "verſe and proſe, that have been written by the mo-"derns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the "ſame thoughts over again, making them ſtill more "trite. Moſt of their pieces are nothing but a pert, "inſipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in "his Art of Poetry, thrown out ſeveral things which "plainly ſhew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of "no uſe, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppoſe that of

Mr. ADDISON.

"r The Art of Criticiſm (ſaith he) which was pub-"liſhed ſome months ſince, is a maſter-piece in its "kind. The obſervations follow one another like "thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that metho-"dical regularity which would have been requiſite in

p Eſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.

q Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

r Spectator, N° 253.

"a proſe writer. They are ſome of them uncommon, "but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees "them explained with that eaſe and perſpicuity in "which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are "the moſt known and the moſt received, they are placed "in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt "alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of "novelty; and make the reader, who was before ac- "quainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their "truth and ſolidity. And here give me leave to men- "tion what Monſieur Boileau has ſo well enlarged upon "in the preface to his works: That wit and fine wri- "ting doth not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things "that are new, as in giving things that are known an "agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in "the latter ages of the world, to make obſervations "in criticiſm, morality, or any art or ſcience, which "have not been touched upon by others; we have "little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe "of mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more "uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's "Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it "which he may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which "were not commonly known by all the poets of the "Auguſtan age. His way of expreſſing, and applying "them, not his invention of them, is what we are "chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflections, has given us the ſame "kind of ſublime, which he obſerves in the ſeveral "paſſages that occaſioned them: I cannot but take "notice

" notice that our Engliſh author has after the ſame " manner exemplified ſeveral of the precepts in the " very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes, with ſaying, that " there are three poems in " our tongue of the ſame nature, and each a maſter- " piece in its kind! The Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe; " the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry; and the Eſſay on " Criticiſm."

Of WINDSOR FOREST, poſitive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

" That it is a wretched rhapſody, impudently writ " in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Den- " ham: The author of it is obſcure, is ambiguous, is " affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Diſpenſary [t],

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: " Thoſe who have ſeen theſe two excel- " lent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windſor Foreſt, " the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by " Mr. Pope, will ſhew a great deal of candor if they " approve of this."

Of the Epiſtle of ELOISA, we are told by the obſcure writer of a poem called Sawney, " That becauſe " Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the fineſt taſtes,

[s] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. [t] Printed 1728, p. 12.

" our

" our author writ his Eloiſe in oppoſition to it; but for-
" got innocence and virtue: If you take away her
" tender thoughts, and her fierce deſires, all the reſt
" is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment reſembleth that of a French taylor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: " All this is very fine; but take " away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

Mr. PRIOR

himſelf, ſaying in his Alma[u].

O Abelard! ill fated youth,
Thy tale will juſtify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's ſong:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and ſkill has weav'd
A ſilken web; and ne'er ſhall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy ſad diſtreſs,
And Venus ſhall the texture bleſs, &c.

Come we now to his tranſlation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet ſhall it ſuffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwiſe a ſevere cenſurer of our author) yet ſtyleth this a " laudable tranſlation[w]." That ready writer

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[u] Alma, Cant. 2.

[w] In his Eſſays, vol. 1. printed for E. Curll.

Mr.

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Eſſay, frequently commends the ſame. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it[x], "The ſpirit of Homer breathes all "through this tranſlation.—I am in doubt, whether I "ſhould moſt admire the juſtneſs to the original, or the "force and beauty of the language, or the ſounding "variety of the numbers: But when I find all theſe "meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet ſays of "one of his heroes, That he alone raiſed and flung "with eaſe a weighty ſtone, that two common men "could not lift from the ground; juſt ſo, one ſingle "perſon has performed in this tranſlation, what I once "deſpaired to have ſeen done by the force of ſeveral "maſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have changed his ſentiment in his Eſſay on the Art of ſinking in reputation, (printed in Miſt's Journal, March 30, 1728.) where he ſays thus: "In order to "ſink in reputation, let him take it into his head to "deſcend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, "how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him "into Engliſh, ſo his verſion denote his neglect of the "manner how." Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this tranſlation of the Illiad was not in all re-"ſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his friend Mr. "Addiſon; inſomuch that he employed a younger Muſe,

[x] Cenſor, vol. ii. n. 33.

"in

" in an undertaking of this kind, which he ſuperviſed " himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte, or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N°. 40.

" When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, I " am in a particular manner pleaſed with the labours " of thoſe who have improved our language with the " tranſlations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We " have already moſt of their Hiſtorians in our own " tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our " language, it has been taught to expreſs with elegance " the greateſt of their poets in each nation. The illi- " terate among our own countrymen may learn to judge " from Dryden's Virgil of the moſt perfect Epic per- " formance. And thoſe parts of Homer which have " been publiſhed already by Mr. Pope, give us reaſon " to think that the Iliad will appear in Engliſh with " as little diſadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake, for this younger Muſe was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it after him, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it before [y]. Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and

[y] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickell's tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad, 4to.

November

November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpeare on the ſtage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Mr. THEOBALD, Miſt's Journal, June 8, 1728.)

"publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and "forget to diſcharge even the dull duty of an editor. "In this project let him lend the bookſeller his name "(for a competent ſum of money) to promote the cre-"dit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle reader, be pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the Propoſal below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8, "The bookſeller propoſed the book by ſubſcription, "and raiſed ſome thouſand of pounds for the ſame: I "believe the gentleman did not ſhare in the profits of "this extravagant ſubſcription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.)

"the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having "ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he "employed ſome underlings to perform what, accord-"ing to his propoſals, ſhould come from his own "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE's PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY, (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occaſion to declare that the ſubſcription "for Shakeſpeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonſon: And

"that

" that the benefit of this Propoſal is not ſolely for my " own uſe, but for that of two of my friends, who have " aſſiſted me in this work." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himſelf in another of Miſt's Journals, March 30, 1728, ſaying, " That he would not " adviſe Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of get- " ting a great part of a book done by aſſiſtants, leſt " thoſe extraneous parts ſhould unhappily aſcend to " the ſublime, and retard the declenſion of the whole." Behold! theſe Underlings are become good writers!

If any ſay, that before the ſaid Propoſals were print- ed, the ſubſcription was begun without declaration of ſuch aſſiſtance; verily thoſe who ſet it on foot, or (as the term is) ſecured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viſcount HARCOURT, were he living, would teſtify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth teſtify, the ſame is a falſhood.

Sorry I am, that perſons profeſſing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, ſhould either falſely tax, or be falſely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

" Mr. Addiſon raiſed this author from obſcurity, ob- " tained him the acquaintance and friendſhip of the " whole body of our nobility, and transferred his power- " ful intereſts with thoſe great men to this riſing bard, " who frequently levied by that means unuſual con- " tributions on the Public." Which ſurely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad diſſected report- eth,

eth, Mr. Wycherley had before, "introduced him in-"to a familiar acquaintance with the greateſt Peers "and brighteſt Wits then living."

"No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was his body "lifeleſs, but this author, reviving his reſentment, "libelled the memory of his departed friend; and "what was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcandal pub-"lic." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed, no witneſs in his own cauſe; the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip, yea any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription Mr. Addiſon procured to our author; let him ſtand forth, that truth may appear! Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica Veritas. In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel is a lie; witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity, who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke ſent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curll had printed the ſame. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will ſufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of ſome authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint conceited

JAMES-MOORE SMITH, Gent.

"Upon

" [a] Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miſ-
" cellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent;
" and happening to praiſe them, a gentleman produced
" a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) publiſhed laſt
" year, where were the ſame verſes to a tittle.

" Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt pla-
" giaries, that pretend to make a reputation by ſteal-
" ing from a man's works in his own life-time, and
" out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the ſaid Mr. James-Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himſelf, who had informed him a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that " Theſe verſes, which
" he had before given him leave to inſert in it, would
" be known for his, ſome copies being got abroad.
" He deſires, nevertheleſs, that ſince the lines had
" been read in his comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. would
" not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the teſtimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, of Hugh Bethel, Eſq; and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſo honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating no leſs than his enmity both to Church and State, which

[a] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

could

could come from no other informer than the ſaid Mr. JAMES-MOORE SMITH.

" [a] The Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk was a very dull " and unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who wrote in defence " of our Religion and Conſtitution, and who has been " dead many years." This ſeemeth alſo moſt untrue; it being known to divers that theſe Memoirs were written at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordſhire, before that excellent perſon (biſhop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that hiſtory, of which they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is, that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf the man who preſt Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to aſſiſt him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Memoirs of our author, when that hiſtory came forth, with intent to turn them to ſuch abuſe. But being able to obtain from our author but one ſingle hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perſon there is, into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the " Con- " tempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, " and how full he was of a deſign he declared himſelf " to have of expoſing it." This noble Perſon is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH.

[a] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

Here in truth ſhould we crave pardon of all the foreſaid right honourable and worthy perſonages, for having mentioned them in the ſame page with ſuch weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the ſame; and that they are introduced not as witneſſes in the controverſy, but as witneſſes that cannot be controverted: not to diſpute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two claſſes, of ſuch who were acquaintance, and of ſuch who were ſtrangers to our author; the former are thoſe who ſpeak well, and the other thoſe who ſpeak evil of him. Of the firſt claſs, the moſt noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

ſums up his character in theſe lines:

" [b] And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,
" Unleſs I juſtly could at once commend
" A good companion, and as firm a friend;
" One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
" Can all deſert in ſciences exceed."

So alſo is he decypher'd by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" [c] Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou [chuſe,
" What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muſe?
" Though each great ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
" Though every laurel through the dome be thine,

[b] Verſes to Mr. P. on his tranſlation of Homer.
[c] Poem prefixed to his works.

" Go

" Go to the good and juſt, and awful train!
" Thy ſoul's delight,———"

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous diſpoſition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART.

in this apoſtrophe:

" [d] Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
" Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays,
" Add, that the Siſters every thought refine,
" And ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line,
" Yet envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
" Obſcures the virtue, and defames the Muſe.
" A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
" Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

" [e] Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſe's train,
" Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?"

Mr. MALLET,

in his Epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

" Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends his lays;
" For wit ſupreme, is but his ſecond praiſe,"

Mr. HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

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[d] In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.
[e] Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. i.

" Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
" In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
" And trace the author through his moral page,
" Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong."

Mr. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philoſophical poem of the Seaſons:

" Although not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
" Yet is his life the more endearing ſong."

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk, of Suffolk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME,

" [f] Thus, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
" From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws."

And, to cloſe all, hear the reverend dean of St. Patrick's:

" A Soul with every virtue fraught,
" By Patriots, Prieſts, and Poets taught.
" Whoſe filial Piety excells
" Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
" A genius for each buſineſs fit,
" Whoſe meaneſt talent is his Wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhewing his Character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: Firſt again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

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[f] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

Who.

Who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has "nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendſhip, "good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is "ſo great a lover of falſehood, that, whenever he has "a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands "them with ſome defect which was juſt contrary to ſome "good quality, for which all their friends and acquaint-"ance commend them. He ſeems to have a particular "pique to People of quality, and authors of that rank. "—He muſt derive his religion from St. Omer's."— But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716) he ſaith, "Though "he is a profeſſor of the worſt religion, yet he laughs "at it;" but that, "nevertheleſs, he is a virulent Pa-"piſt; and yet a Pillar for the Church of England."

Of both which opinions

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring, in Miſt's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, he "made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their "own ſentiments." But, as to his pique againſt People of Quality, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith (May 8, 1728) "He had, by ſome means or "other, the acquaintance and friendſhip of the whole "body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, "That he is a creature that re-"concliles all contradictions: he is a beaſt, and a man;

"a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the ſame "time) of 8 Guardians and Examiners; an Aſſertor "of liberty, and of the diſpenſing power of Kings; a "Jeſuitical profeſſor of truth; a baſe and a foul pre-"tender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whoſe wrath is perilous: For one declares he ought to have a price ſet on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beaſt [h]. Another proteſts that he does not know what may happen; adviſes him to enſure his perſon; ſays he has bitter enemies, and expreſsly declares it will be well if he eſcapes with his life [i]. One deſires he would cut his own throat, or hang himſelf [k]. But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the Government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament, then under proſecution [l]. Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a Miniſter, that he is one of the moſt dangerous perſons in this kingdom [m]; and aſſureth the Public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monſter, that will, one day, ſhew as daring a ſoul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill

8 The Names of two weekly Papers.

[h] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[i] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14. 16. [k] Gulliveriana, p. 332. [l] Anno 1723. [m] Anno 1729.

the

the firſt Chriſtian he meets [n]. Another gives information of Treaſon diſcovered in his poem [o]. Mr. Curll boldly ſupplies an imperfect verſe with Kings and Princeſſes [p]. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes at length the Two moſt SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciad [q]!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange, that in the midſt of theſe invectives his greateſt Enemies have (I know not how) borne teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpeare, declares, "He has ſo great "an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an opinion of "his genius and excellencies; that, notwithſtanding he "profeſſes a veneration almoſt riſing to Idolatry for the "writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very "loth even to do him juſtice, at the expence of that "other gentleman's character [r]."

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That Mr. Pope

[n] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the laſt page of that treatiſe.

[o] Page 6, 7. of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes, and Advertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

[p] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

[q] A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

[r] Introduction to his Shakeſpeare Reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

" would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epiſtles " by his hand, for it is certain we ſee the original of " Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeneſs " in his verſion, than in that of Sir Car Scrope. And " this (he adds) is the more to be wiſhed, becauſe in " the Engliſh tongue we have ſcarcely any thing truly " and naturally written upon Love[s]." He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath ſaid in his preface to that Poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; declares " the " purity and perfection of the Engliſh language to be " found in his Homer; and, ſaying there are more " good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any other " work, except this of our author only[t]."

The Author of a Letter to Mr. CIBBER,

ſays, " [u] Pope was ſo good a verſifier [once] that, his " predeceſſor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. " Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal " to any body's. And, that he had all the merit, that " a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our author's Homer, crieth out,

" But in his other works what beauties ſhine,
" While ſweeteſt Muſic dwells in every line!

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[s] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay, octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

[t] In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.

[u] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.

" Theſe

" Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
" And bade them live to brighten future days [w]."

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell [x], in that poem, which is wholly a ſatire upon Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

" 'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
" (Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
" That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
" Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
" For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
" His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream,"
&c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he ſays, " The ſmooth numbers of the Dun-
" ciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other
" merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words:
" The author is allowed to be a perfect maſter of an
" eaſy and elegant verſification. In all his works we
" find the moſt happy turns, and natural ſimilies, won-
" derfully ſhort and thick ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25. it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this Poem, is beſtowed by our Laureate,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

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[w] Battle of the Poets, folio, p. 15.

[x] Printed under the title of the Progreſs of Dulneſs, duodecimo, 1728.

who

who "grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than "ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a "parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almoſt cowar- "dice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for "having killed ſo many ſilly flies that offended him. "Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor "ſouls! they had all been buried in oblivion [y]." Here we ſee our excellent Laureate allows the juſtice of the ſatire on every man in it, but himſelf; as the great Mr, Dennis did before him.

The ſaid

Mr. DENNIS and Mr. GILDON,

in the moſt furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert [z] confeſs, "That ſome "men

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[y] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

[z] in concert] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our miſtake in this place, "As to my writing in concert with "Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of "a gentleman, that I never wrote ſo much as one line "in concert with any one man whatſoever. And theſe "two Letters from Gildon will plainly ſhew, that we are "not writers in concert with each other.

'Sir,

'—The height of my Ambition is to pleaſe men of 'the beſt Judgment; and finding that I have entertained 'my Maſter agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward 'of my Labour.'

'Sir,

'I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excel- 'lent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely ſatisfied 'and pleaſed with it, and hope you will meet with that 'encouragement your admirable performance deſerves,' &c. CH. GILDON.

"Now

"men of good underſtanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17.) "that he has got, like Mr. Bays in the "Rehearſal, (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable "knack at rhyming, and writing ſmooth verſe."

Of his Eſſay on Man, numerous were the praiſes beſtowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the ſame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymouſly.

Thus ſang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auſpicious bard! while all admire thy ſtrain,
"All but the ſelfiſh, ignorant, and vain;
"I, whom no bribe to ſervile flattery drew,
"Muſt pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy Muſe ſublime, ſignificant, and clear,
"Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear," &c.

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote [a] to the unknown author, on the firſt publication of the ſaid Eſſay; "I muſt own, after the recep-"tion which the vileſt and moſt immoral ribaldry hath "lately met with, I was ſurprized to ſee what I had "long deſpaired, a performance deſerving the name

"Now is it not plain, that any one who ſends ſuch "compliments to another, has not been uſed to write in "partnerſhip with him to whom he ſends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himſelf.

[a] In a Letter under his own hand, dated March 12, 1733.

"of

" of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, " above all commendation, and ought to have been " publiſhed in an age and country more worthy of it. " If my teſtimony be of weight any where, you are " ſure to have it in the ampleſt manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate Enemies; and to the ſucceſs of them all they do unanimouſly give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, inſtar omnium, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on Criticiſm to this day of the Dunciad! " A moſt notorious inſtance (quoth he) of " the depravity of genius and taſte, the approbation " this Eſſay meets with [b].—I can ſafely affirm, that I " never attacked any of theſe writings, unleſs they had " ſucceſs infinitely beyond their merit. This, though " an empty, has been a popular ſcribbler. The epide- " mic madneſs of the times has given him reputation [c]. " —If, after the cruel treatment ſo many extraordinary " men (Spenſer, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonſon, Milton, " Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this " country, for theſe laſt hundred years, I ſhould ſhift " the ſcene, and ſhew all that penury changed at once " to riot and profuſeneſs; and more ſquandered away " upon one object, than would have ſatisfied the greater " part of thoſe extraordinary men; the reader to

[b] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

[c] Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

" whom

" whom this one creature ſhould be unknown, would " fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would be- " lieve that all the great qualities of theſe perſons were " centered in him alone. But if I ſhould venture to " aſſure him, that the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND had made " ſuch a choice--the reader would either believe me " a malicious enemy, and ſlanderer; or that the reign of " the laſt (Queen Anne's) Miniſtry was deſigned by " fate to encourage Fools [d]."

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any Place, Penſion, or Gratuity, in any ſhape, from the ſaid glorious Queen, or any of her Miniſters. All he owed, in the whole courſe of his life, to any court, was a ſubſcription for his Homer, of 200l. from King George I. and 100l. from the Prince and Princeſs.

However, leſt we imagine our Author's ſucceſs was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain works in a leſs degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they aſſure us he is the writer. Of this ſort Mr. DENNIS [e] aſcribes to him two Farces, whoſe names he does not tell, but aſſures us that there is not one jeſt in them: and an imitation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention, but aſſures us it is much more execrable than all his works [f]. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, aſſures us, " He is below " Tom Durfey in the Drama, becauſe (as that writer " thinks) the Marriage-Hater matched, and the

[d] Rem. on Homer, p. 8, 9.
[e] Ib. p. 8.
[f] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

" Boarding-

" Boarding-School are better than the What d'ye-call-" it;" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48. " That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, " He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. " Andrew Tripe[g];" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, " That the treatise of the Profound " is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, " the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of " this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gul-" liver[h]." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, " That his own " Plays and Farces would better have adorned the " Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had " neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy." Which whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; in as much as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: " Now let any man

[g] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. [h] Gulliv. p. 336.

" judge

" judge (ſaith he) by his concern, who was the true " mother of the child [i]?"

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any Candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any Modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of Boldneſs and Madneſs to a Prodigy [k]: If he took aſſiſtants in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the Public [l]. The loftieſt heroics; the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which hath not at one or other ſeaſon been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: If it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident; if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt

[i] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

[k] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his tranſlation of the Iliad.

[l] The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyſſey.

rare

rare and ſingular character; Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt Commentators would hence take occaſion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the teſtimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundleſs, as well as his Imagination; that he was a perfect maſter of all Styles, and all Arguments; and that there was in thoſe times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to ſteer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuſe whether thou wilt incline to the Teſtimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of thoſe who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the Form, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the Meaſure, to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet. For of Epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs what is reported of it by the learned archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſ. x. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetics, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem, that the Hero, or chief perſonage of it was no leſs obſcure, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the firſt; and ſurely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which

though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear, that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt Epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our poet hath tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt: and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is, that ſo few of the moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad: ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) Paper alſo became ſo cheap, and Printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: Whereby not only the Peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by

by ſuch as would neither earn the one, nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time, the licence of the Preſs was ſuch, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either: for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſhers, a ſet of men who neither ſcrupled to vend either Calumny or Blaſphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

[a] Now our author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt Satirift, to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch Authors, namely Dulneſs and Poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an Allegory [b] (as the conſtruction of Epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe Goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works. [c] He proceedeth to ſhew the qualities they beſtow on theſe authors, and the effects they produce [d]: then the materials, or ſtock, with which they furniſh them [e]; and

[a] Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.
[b] Boſſu, chap. vii. [c] Book I. ver. 32, &c.
[d] Ver. 45 to 54. [e] Ver. 57 to 77.

(above all) that ſelf-opinion [f] which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandiſe. The great power of theſe Goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Induſtry, ſo is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome one great and remarkable Action: [g] And none could be more ſo than that which our poet hath choſen; viz. the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the reſtoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſingeth only the Wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his Poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this ſingle Action the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children.

A Perſon muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this Action. This Phantom in the Poet's mind muſt have a Name [h]: He finds it to be ——: and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the poem.

The Fable being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the Propoſition; the Machinery is a continued chain of Allegories, ſetting forth the whole Power, Miniſtry, and Empire of

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[f] Book I. ver. 80.
[g] Ibid. chap. vii, viii.
[h] Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. cap. ix.

Dulneſs,

Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into Epiſodes, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd aſſembled in the ſecond book, demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Epiſodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymaſters of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the third book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers: The firſt concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the ſecond, the libellous Noveliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the Flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt: aſſigning to each ſome proper name or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the Characters, the public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn: The manners are ſo depicted, and the ſentiment ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonages, would be exceeding difficult: And certain it is, that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of poor wretches, ſo many ſilly "flies[1]: but adds, our Author's Wit is remarkably

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. page 9. 12. 41.

" more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul " on Cibber, than upon any other Perſon whatever."

The Deſcriptions are ſingular, the Compariſons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour: The purity and chaſtity of Diction is ſo preſerved, that, in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the words but only the images have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical Authority (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave Doctors, and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound Critic. How exact that limitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular illuſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the commentator and poet himſelf; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the Judgment, without diminiſhing the Imagination: which, by good Critics, is held to be punctually

punctually at forty. For at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very Acme and pitch of life for Epic poeſy: Though ſince he hath altered it to ſixty, the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred.[k] True it is, that the talents for Criticiſm, namely ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper Age: But it is far otherwiſe in Poetry; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer annd Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch Poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon therefore did our author chuſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

[k] See his Eſſays.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.

OF the Nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated. But when he cometh to ſpeak of the Perſon of the Hero fitted for ſuch Poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates: for, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raiſed up to ſupport the Fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who firſt build their houſe and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother and the world alſo right in this particular, by aſſuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and conſequently that the Poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the primum mobile of

of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an Hero, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her Eagle-flight. For ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe Suns of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the Gooſe and Serpent kind. For we may apply to the Muſe in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of Wiſdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis et "injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In rebus "enim diverſis, aut in utramque partem moveri neceſſe "eſt, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos "odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia "et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos "odiſſe ex bonorum caritate deſcendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the "Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they "delighted with the good and juſt. For contrary ob-"jects muſt either excite contrary affections, or no af-"fections at all. So that he who loveth good men, muſt "at the ſame time hate the bad; and he who hateth not "bad men, cannot love the good; becauſe to love good "men proceedeth from an averſion to evil, and to hate "evil men from a tenderneſs to the good." From this delicacy of the Muſe aroſe the little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder ſiſter, whoſe bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatick:) And for this, ſome

ſome notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was ſought out, to make thereof an Example. An early inſtance of which (nor could it eſcape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic poem himſelf affordeth us. From him the practice deſcended to the Greek Dramatic Poets, his Offspring; who, in the compoſition of their Tetralogy, or ſet of four pieces, were wont to make the laſt a Satiric Tragedy. Happily, one of theſe ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongſt the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader ſuppoſe may be the ſubject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy obſervation, the unequal Conteſt of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed Favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monſter's obſcene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in puniſhing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excuſed, if for the future we conſider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy; in which the laſt worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the ſatiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the Hero of the greater Epic ſhould be an honeſt Man; or, as the French Critics expreſs it, un honnête homme[a]: but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the Hero of the little Epic ſhould be juſt the contrary.

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[a] Si un Heros Poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Boſſu, du Poême Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

Hence,

Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve, how much juſter the Moral of that Poem muſt needs be, where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) every Fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome Analogy, if not Reſemblance of Qualities between the Heroes of the two Poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the livelieſt graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the conſtituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are Wiſdom, Bravery, and Love, from whence ſpringeth heroic Virtue; it followeth, that thoſe of the leſſer Epic Hero ſhould be Vanity, Aſſurance, and Debauchery, from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth heroic Dulneſs, the never-dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being ſettled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true Wiſdom, to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf; and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of Will.—And are the advantages of Vanity, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world "(will ſuch an one ſay) impute to me what folly or "weakneſs they pleaſe; but till Wiſdom can give me "ſomething that will make me more heartily happy, "I am content to be GAZED AT [b]." This, we ſee, is

[b] Ded. to the Life of C. C.

Vanity

Vanity according to the heroic gage or meaſure; not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to Virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in thoſe Vices, which every body knows we have. "The world may aſk (ſays he) why I make "my follies public? Why not? I have paſſed my life "very pleaſantly with them [c]." In ſhort, there is no ſort of Vanity ſuch a Hero would ſcruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad; namely, "whether it would "not be Vanity in him, to take ſhame to himſelf for "not being a wiſe man [d]?"

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its correſpondent Virtue in the mock Hero, is, that ſame Courage all collected into the Face. And as Power, when drawn together, muſt needs have more force and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage, in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only Men, but Gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the braveſt character in all the Æneis: But how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his Summum bonum in "thoſe follies, which he was not content barely to "poſſeſs, but would likewiſe glory in," adds, "If I "am miſguided, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow "HER [e]." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this

[c] Life, p. 2. oct. edit. [d] Ibid. [e] Ibid. p. 23.

happy

happy quality a ſpecies of Courage, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it, which made his FACE "more known (as he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in the "kingdom;" and his Language to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to be the moſt daring Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the Name of God.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's compoſition, is a mere bird of paſſage, or (as Shakeſpeare calls it) ſummer-teeming Luſt, and evaporates in the heat of Youth; doubtleſs by that refinement it ſuffers in paſſing through thoſe certain ſtrainers which our Poet ſomewhere ſpeaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the Lees, it acquireth ſtrength by Old Age; and becometh a laſting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitneſs for ſuch an uſe: For not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be ſo, even by Him who beſt knoweth its value. "Don't you think "(argueth he) to ſay 'only a man has his Whore[f],' "ought to go for little or nothing? Becauſe *defendit* "*numerus*; take the firſt ten thouſand men you meet, "and, I believe, you would be no loſer if you betted "ten to one, that every ſingle ſinner of them, one "with another, had been guilty of the ſame frailty[g]." But here he ſeemeth not to have done juſtice to himſelf: The man is ſure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at

[f] Alluding to theſe lines in the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot;
"And has not Colly ſtill his Lord and Whore,
"His Butchers Henley, his Free-Maſons Moore?

[g] Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

four-

fourſcore. How doth his Modeſty herein leſſen the merit of a whole well-ſpent life: not taking to himſelf the commendation (which Horace accounted the greateſt in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the ſame he was from the beginning,

"——Servetur ad IMUM
"Qualis ab incepto proceſſerat.——"

But here, in juſtice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth ſhe was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable Continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded. For how much Self-denial was neceſſary not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned in that Society, where (according to this Political Calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could deviſe, gone through the three conſtituent Qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, or in all of theſe, that Heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively Qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from Wiſdom, Bravery, and Love, ariſeth Magnanimity, the object of Admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic; ſo from Vanity, Aſſurance, and Debauchery, ſpringeth Buffoonry, the ſource of Ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it[h], of the little Epic.

[h] Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

He

He is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be aſhamed!) of this Character; who deemeth, that not Reaſon but Riſibility diſtinguiſheth the human ſpecies from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this profound "Philoſopher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from the mute "creation by our Riſibility, her deſign MUST have "been by that faculty as evidently to raiſe our HAP-"PINESS, as by our *Os ſublime* (OUR ERECTED FA-"CES) to lift the dignity of OUR FORM above them[1]," All this conſidered, how complete a Hero muſt he be, as well as how happy a Man, whoſe Riſibility lieth not barely in his Muſcles, as in the common ſort, but (as himſelf informeth us) in his very ſpirits? and whoſe *Os ſublime* is not ſimply an erect face, but a Brazen Head; as ſhould ſeem by his preferring it to one of Iron, ſaid to belong to the late king of Sweden[k]?

But whatever perſonal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us, that all thoſe are of ſmall avail, without the conſtant aſſiſtance of the GODS: for the ſubverſion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal proweſs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of Letters, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, muſt firſt be drawn

[1] Life, p. 23, 24. [k] Letter, p. 8.

off.

off and engaged in another Intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore, this laſt and greateſt difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a profeſſed Favourite and Intimado of the Great. And look, of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much ſtronger is modern Incenſe, to engage the Great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to ſay, If ſo many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who ſeeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, ALL-ACCOMPLISED PERSON, in whom theſe rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concenter with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itſelf, might be impoſed on, in the late ſpurious editions, by I can't tell what Sham Hero, or Phantom: But it was not ſo eaſy to impoſe on HIM whom this egregious error moſt of all concerned. For no ſooner had the fourth book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts: And when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,"

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any Aſſociate or Conſort in Empire) he loudly reſented this indignity to violated Majeſty. Indeed not without cauſe, he being there repreſented

as

as faſt aſleep; ſo miſbeſeeming the Eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, ſhould never doze nor ſlumber. "Hah! (ſaith he) faſt aſleep, it ſeems! "that's a little too ſtrong. Pert and dull at leaſt you "might have allowed me, but as ſeldom aſleep as any "fool [l]." However, the injured Hero may comfort himſelf with this reflection, that though it be a ſleep, yet is not the ſleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will [m] live at leaſt, though not awake; and in no worſe condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him. The famous Durandante, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt into a long ſlumber by Merlin the Britiſh Bard and Necromancer; and his example for ſubmitting to it with a good grace, might be of uſe to our Hero. For that diſaſtrous knight being ſorely preſſed or driven to make his anſwer by ſeveral perſons of quality, only replied with a ſigh, Patience and ſhuffle the cards [n].

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the moſt ſacred and perfect things, either of Religion or Government, can eſcape the ſting of Envy, methinks I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the clearneſs of our Hero's title.

It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been Goddeſs-born, and Princes bred. What then did

[l] Letter, p. 53. [m] Letter, p. 1.
[n] Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22.

this Author mean, by erecting a Player instead of one of his Patrons (a person, "never a hero even on the "stage o"), to this dignity of Collegue in the Empire of Dulneſs, and Atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to paſs.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, "Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ:" That every man is the Smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himſelf a Hero to be one of the worthieſt. "Let him (ſaith he) but fancy himſelf capable of the "higheſt things, and he will of courſe be able to at-"chieve them." From this principle it follows, that nothing can exceed our Hero's proweſs; as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly parangons himſelf; at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles the XII. of Sweden for the exceſs and delicacy of his Ambition p; to Henry the IV. of France, for honeſt Policy q; to the firſt Brutus, for love of liberty r; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good Government while in power s: At another time, to the godlike Socrates for his diverſions and amuſements t: to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for ever read and

o See Life, p. 148. p P. 149. q P. 424.
r P. 366. s P. 457. t P. 18.

admired;

admired[u]; to two Lord Chancellors, for law; from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence[w]; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters[x].

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his Conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution face to face in Nottingham[y]; at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes. But he shone in Courts as well as in Camps. He was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution[z]; and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the Ladies[a].

As to his Birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a Maker of both[b]. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: For his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all[c]: And what is that but coming into the world a Hero?

But be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesy so requiring) that a Hero of more than mortal birth must

[u] Life, p. 425. [w] P. 436, 437. [x] P. 52. [y] P. 47. [z] P. 57. [a] P. 58, 59. [b] A Statuary. [c] P. 6.

needs be had: Even for this we have a remedy. We can eaſily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a Goddeſs of no ſmall power and authority amongſt men; and legitimate and inſtall him after the right claſſical and authentic faſhion: For, like as the ancient Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty Warrier; a Son of Neptune in a ſkilful Seaman; a Son of Phœbus in a harmonious Poet; ſo have we here, if need be, a Son of FORTUNE in an artful Gameſter. And who fitter than the Offspring of Chance, to aſſiſt in reſtoring the Empire of Night and Chaos?

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero ſtill exiſteth, and hath not "yet finiſhed his earthly courſe. For if Solon ſaid well,

———ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet!

"if no man can be called happy till his death, ſure-"ly much leſs can any one, till then, be pronoun-"ced a Hero: this ſpecies of men being far more ſub-"ject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Hu-"mour." But to this alſo we have an anſwer, that will (we hope) be deemed deciſive. It cometh from himſelf; who, to cut this matter ſhort, hath ſolemnly proteſted that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothing ſhall ever part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath amply "ſupplied me in Vanity; a pleaſure which neither the "pertneſs of Wit, nor the gravity of Wiſdom, will

"ever

"ever perſuade me to part with [d]." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, "My ſuperiors perhaps may be "mended by him; but for my part I own myſelf in-"corrigible. I look upon my Follies as the beſt part "of my Fortune [e]." And with good reaſon: We ſee to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, "Is it (ſaith he) a time "of day for me to leave off theſe fooleries, and ſet up "a new character? I can no more put off my Follies "than my Skin; I have often tried, but they ſtick "too cloſe to me: nor am I ſure my friends are diſ-"pleaſed with them, for in this light I afford them "frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c. [f]" Having then ſo publickly declared himſelf incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian), and devolveth upon the Poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to ſay, embowel and embalm him for poſterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himſelf from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few Prophets have had the ſatisfaction to ſee, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in theſe Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT [g].

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[d] Life, p. 424. [e] P. 19. [f] P. 17.
[g] P. 243. octavo edit.

" Tandem Phœbus adest, morſuſque inſerre parantem
" Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus[h]."

h Ovid, of the ſerpent biting at Orpheus's head.

By

By AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us veſted by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenſer, we have reviſed this Piece; where finding the ſtyle and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the ſame may be deemed in ſome ſort a Reflection on Majeſty, or at leaſt an Inſult on that Legal Authority which has beſtowed on another Perſon the Crown of Poeſy: We have ordered the ſaid Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vaniſh and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the LAUREATE himſelf. And it is hereby enacted, that no other perſon do preſume to fill the ſame.

C. Ch.

THE DUNCIAD: TO Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddeſs in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her Sons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays * to be the Inſtrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his Books, giving up the Cauſe, and apprehending the Period of her

VARIATION.

* In the firſt editions Tibbald was the Hero of the Poem, which will account for moſt of the ſubſequent variations.

her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raiſes an Altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out by caſting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Myſteries; then announcing the death of Euſden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him Succeſſor.

BOOK I.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings,
I ſing.

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother, &c.] In the firſt Edit. it was thus,

Books and the Man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the Ear of Kings,
Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wondrous works (ſo Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still——

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, ſic MS. It may well be diſputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be ſpelled Dunceiad, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceiad with an e. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Reſtorer of Shakeſpeare, conſtantly obſerves the preſervation of this very Letter e, in ſpelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careleſs Editors, with the omiſſion of one, nay ſometimes of two ee's (as Shakſpear) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a Single Letter ſo trivial as to "ſome it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learn-"ed language is an Atchievement that brings honour "to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will "be remembered to poſterity for his performances of "this ſort, as long as the world ſhall have any eſteem "for the remains of Menander and Philemon."

THEOBALD.

This is ſurely a ſlip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been ſince produced by an accu-

Say, how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

In

REMARKS.

"——who brings
"The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of Kings."

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the Laurel.

It appears as plainly from the Apoſtrophe to the Great in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an Author in faſhion, or careſſed by the Great; whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero: who, above all other Poets of his time, was the Peculiar Delight and Choſen Companion of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt Deſire of Perſons of Quality.

Laſtly, the ſixth verſe affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a Son ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him,

"Still Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt.

BENTL.

Ver. 1. The mighty Mother, and her Son, &c.] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the Mother, and not the Son, is the principal Agent of this Poem; The latter of them is only choſen as her Colleague (as was anciently the cuſtom in Rome before ſome great expedition) the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very firſt book, but the Reſtoration of the Empire of Dulneſs in Britain, which is not accompliſhed till the laſt.

Ver. 2. The Smithfield Muſes.] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whoſe ſhows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable

In eldeſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the Thunderer's head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.

Still

REMARKS.

greeable only to the taſte of the Rabble, were by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleaſures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of K. George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 4. By Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate:] i. e. by their Judgments, their Intereſts, and their Inclinations.

Ver. 15. Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertiſe the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulneſs here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Stupidity, but in the enlarged Senſe of the word, for all Slowneſs of Apprehenſion, Shortneſs of Sight, or imperfect Senſe of things. It includes (as we ſee by the Poet's own words) Labour, Induſtry, and ſome degrees of Activity and Boldneſs; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topſy-turvy the Underſtanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confuſed State of Mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to miſtake the importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Deſign of the Poet. Hence it is, that ſome have complained he chuſes too mean a ſubject, and imagined he employs himſelf like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas thoſe who have the true key will find he ſports with

nobler

Still her old Empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For, born a Goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.
Oh Thou! whatever title pleaſe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerſtaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rabelais' eaſy chair,
Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her Power retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires.

Here

REMARKS.

nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compaſs; or, (as one ſaith, on a like occaſion)

"Will ſee his Work, like Jacob's ladder riſe,
"Its foot in dirt, its head amid the ſkies." BENTL.

Ver. 17. Still her old Empire to reſtore] This reſtoration makes the Completion of the Poem. Vide Book iv.

Ver. 22.—laugh and ſhake in Rabelais' eaſy chair,] The imagery is exquiſite; and the equivoque in the laſt words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expreſſion. The eaſy chair ſuits his age: Rabelais' eaſy chair marks his character: and he filled and poſſeſſed it as the right heir and ſucceſſor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. Or praiſe the Court, or magnify Mankind,] Ironicè, alluding to Gulliver's repreſentations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier againſt the currency of Wood's Copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great diſcontent of the people, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to recal.

Ver. 26. Mourn not, my Swift! at aught our Realm acquires.] Ironicè iterum. The Politics of England and Ireland were at this time by ſome thought to be oppoſite, or interfering with each other: Dr. Swift of courſe was in the intereſt of the latter, our Author of the former.

Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-ſpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Cloſe to thoſe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainleſs brothers ſtand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Keen,

VARIATION.

Ver. 29—39. Cloſe to thoſe walls, &c.] In the former Edit. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak receſs,
Emblem of Muſic caus'd by Emptineſs:
Here in one bed two ſhivering Siſters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall;
Here ſtood her opium, here ſhe nurs'd her owls,
And deſtin'd here th' imperial ſeat of fools.
Hence ſpring each weekly Muſe the living boaſt, &c.

Var. Where wave the tatter'd enſigns of Rag-fair.] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old cloaths and frippery are ſold.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. By his fam'd father's hand,] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-Laureate. The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hoſpital were done by him, and (as the ſon juſtly ſays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artiſt.

Ver. 34. Poverty and Poetry.] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who ſhall attentively obſerve that Humanity and Candor,

Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each maſs, a Poem, or a Play:
How Hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motly Images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She ſees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and Ocean turns to land,
Here gay deſcription Ægypt glads with ſhowers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.

All

REMARKS.

Ver. 57. genial Jacob] Tonſon. The famous race of Bookſellers of that name.

All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs, that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night deſcending, the proud ſcene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now

VARIATION.

Ver. 85. in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

REMARKS.

Ver. 85, 86. 'Twas on the Day, when * * rich and grave—Like Cimon triumph'd] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but moſt certainly could never be that which the Editor foiſted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. BENTL.

The proceſſion of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by ſea, and another by land, on the ſame day, over the Perſians and Barbarians.

Ver. 90. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] A beautiful manner of ſpeaking, uſual with poets in praiſe of poetry.

Ibid. But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was

Now Mayors and Shrieves all huſh'd and ſatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuſtard of the day;
While penſive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepleſs themſelves, to give their readers ſleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaſt recalls
What City Swans once ſung within the walls;
Much ſhe revolves their arts, their ancient praiſe,
And ſure ſucceſſion down from Heywood's days.
She ſaw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each fire impreſt and glaring in his ſon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaſtic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She ſaw old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel ſhine,
And Euſden eke out Blackmore's endleſs line;

She

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to compoſe yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verſes to be ſpoken in the Pageants: But that part of the ſhows being at length frugally aboliſhed, the employment of City-poet ceaſed; ſo that upon Settle's demiſe, there was no ſucceſſor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whoſe Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ver. 103. Old Pryn in reſtleſs Daniel] The firſt edition had it,

She ſaw in Norton all his father ſhine:

a great Miſtake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted Poetry. Much more juſtly is Daniel himſelf made ſucceſſor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote Verſes as well as Politics; as appears by the Poem de Jure divino, &c. of De Foe, and by ſome lines in Cowley's Miſcellanies on the other. And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the Pillory.

She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.

In

REMARKS.

Ver. 104. And Euſden eke out, &c.] Laurence Euſden Poet Laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, ſaith of him,

"Euſden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
"By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414. affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he "ever met with, none comes up to ſome verſes of this "poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the "Fuſtian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are "of that ſort of nonſenſe, which ſo perfectly confounds "all ideas, that there is no diſtinct one left in the mind." Farther he ſays of him, "That he hath propheſied his "own poetry ſhall be ſweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and "Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accompliſh-"ment of it, from what he hath lately publiſhed." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not ſpared a reflection, "That the putting the laurel on the head of one who "writ ſuch verſes, will give futurity a very lively idea "of the judgment and juſtice of thoſe who beſtowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble Perſon, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have ſcreened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, ſo long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's: It were more decent to acquieſce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

"—In ruſh'd Euſden, and cry'd, who ſhall have it,
"But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
"Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
"But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."

Seſſion of Poets.

In each ſhe marks her Image full expreſt,
But chief in Bays's monſter-breeding breaſt;

Bays,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. But chief in Bays's, &c.] In the former Ed. thus,

But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees Gods with Dæmons in ſtrange league engage
And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate;
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. Tibbald] Author of a pamphlet intituled, Shakeſpeare reſtored. During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his edition of Shakeſpeare, he publiſhed Advertiſements, requeſting aſſiſtance, and promiſing ſatisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Reſtorer, who was at that time ſoliciting

REMARKS.

The ſame plea might alſo ſerve for his Succeſſor, Mr. Cibber; and is further ſtrengthened in the following Epigram made on that occaſion:

In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and alſo his Fool:
But now we're ſo frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can ſerve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, ſee Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262. and Book iii. prope fin.

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with ſucceſs.

Dulneſs

VARIATIONS.

citing favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his deſign, till after its publication: (which he was ſince not aſhamed to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov. 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the prints, that our author had joined with the Bookſeller to raiſe an extravagant ſubſcription; in which he had no ſhare, of which he had no knowledge, and againſt which he had publicly advertiſed his own propoſals for Homer. Probably that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he ſeems to deſerve no other way better than his brethren; unleſs we impute it to the ſhare he had in the Journals, cited among the Teſtimonies of Authors prefixed to this work.

REMARKS.

Ver. 106. And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.] Mr. Theobald, in the Cenſor, vol. ii. N. 33. calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius "is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than "of that which he daily provokes, laughter and con- "tempt. Did we really know how much this poor "man" [I wiſh that reflection on poverty had been ſpared] "ſuffers by being contradicted, or, which is "the ſame thing in effect, by hearing another praiſed; "we ſhould, in compaſſion, ſometimes attend to him "with a ſilent nod, and let him go away with the tri- "umphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius (again) when "any of his contemporaries are ſpoken well of, quit- "ting the ground of the preſent diſpute, ſteps back a "thouſand years to call in the ſuccour of the ancients. "His very panegyric is ſpiteful, and he uſes it for the "ſame reaſon as ſome Ladies do their commendations "of a dead beauty, who would never have had their "good word, but that a living one happened to be men-

"tioned

Dulneſs with tranſport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering ſhe herſelf was Pertneſs once.

Now

REMARKS.

" tioned in their company. His applauſe is not the tri-
" bute of his Heart, but the ſacrifice of his Revenge,"
&c. Indeed his pieces againſt our poet are ſomewhat
of an angry character, and as they are now ſcarce ex-
tant, a taſte of his ſtyle may be ſatisfactory to the curi-
ous. " A young, ſquab, ſhort gentleman, whoſe out-
" ward form, though it ſhould be that of downright
" monkey, would not differ ſo much from human ſhape
" as his unthinking immaterial part does from human
" underſtanding.—He is as ſtupid and as venomous as a
" hunch-back'd toad. A book through which Folly and
" Ignorance, thoſe brethren ſo lame and impotent, do
" ridiculouſly look big and very dull, and ſtrut and
" hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, be-
" ing led and ſupported, and bully-back'd by that
" blind Hector, Impudence." Reflect. on the Eſſay on
Criticiſm, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjuſt not to add his reaſons for this Fury, they are ſo ſtrong and ſo coercive. " I regard
" him (ſaith he) as an Enemy, not ſo much to me, as
" to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and
" to that Liberty which has been the ſole felicity of my
" life. A vagary of Fortune, who is ſometimes pleaſed
" to be frolickſome, and the epidemic Madneſs of the
" times have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as
" Hobbes ſays) is Power, and that has made him dan-
" gerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King
" George, whoſe faithful ſubject I am; to my Country,
" of which I have appeared a conſtant lover; to the
" Laws, under whoſe protection I have ſo long lived;
" and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear to me
" than life, of which I have now for forty years been
" a conſtant aſſertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty,
" I ſay, to do—you ſhall ſee what—to pull the lion's
" ſkin

Now (ſhame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold viſage, and a thin Third day:
Swearing

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"ſkin from this little Aſs, which popular error has "thrown round him; and to ſhow that this Author, "who has been lately ſo much in vogue, has neither "ſenſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions." DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Beſides theſe public-ſpirited reaſons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expreſſing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally ſtrong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the ſaid Mr. P. "The ſtory (ſays he) is too long to be "told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear "it from Mr. Curll, my Bookſeller.—However, what "my reaſon has ſuggeſted to me, that I have with a "juſt confidence ſaid, in defiance of his two clandeſtine "weapons, his Slander and his Poiſon." Which laſt words of his book plainly diſcover Mr. D's ſuſpicion was that of being poiſoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him: of which fact ſee A full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poiſon, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein theſe Remarks of Mr. Dennis were publiſhed. But what puts it beyond all queſtion, is a paſſage in a very warm treatiſe, in which Mr. D. was alſo concerned, price two pence, called A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is ſaid "to have inſulted people on "thoſe calamities and diſeaſes which he himſelf gave "them, by adminiſtering Poiſon to them:" and is called (p. 4.) "a lurking waylaying coward, and a "ſtabber in the dark." Which (with many other things moſt lively ſet forth in that piece) muſt have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all chriſtian

Swearing and ſupperleſs the Hero ſate,
Blaſphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate.

Then

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ſtian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:

Should Dennis publiſh, you had ſtabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one ſo poor you cannot take the law;
On one ſo old your ſword you ſcorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmleſs monſter rage,
Secure in dulneſs, madneſs, want, and age.

For the reſt; Mr. John Dennis was the ſon of a Sadler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained ſome correſpondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the Public with their Letters. He made himſelf known to the Government by many admirable ſchemes and projects; which the Miniſtry, for reaſons beſt known to themſelves, conſtantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a perſon of ſound Learning. That he is maſter of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, his criticiſms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do ſufficiently demonſtrate." From the ſame account it alſo appears that he writ Plays "more to get Reputation than Money." DENNIS of himſelf. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.

Ver. 109. Bays, form'd by nature, &c.]. It is hoped the poet here hath done full juſtice to his Hero's character, which it were a great miſtake to imagine was wholly ſunk in ſtupidity: he is allowed to have ſupported

Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaſt profound!
Plung'd

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ported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own deſire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at "leaſt you might have allowed me. What! am I "only to be dull, and dull ſtill, and again, and for "ever?" He then ſolemnly appealed to his own conſcience, that "he could not think himſelf ſo, nor be-"lieve that our poet did; but that he ſpake worſe of "him than he could poſſibly think; and concluded it "muſt be merely to ſhew his Wit, or for ſome Profit "or Lucre to himſelf." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. page 15. 40. 53. And to ſhew his claim to what the Poet was ſo unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the laſt word; which occaſioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Tho' in Verſe you foreclоſe,
"I'll have the laſt word: for, by G—, I'll write Proſe."
Poor Colly, thy Reaſoning is none of the ſtrongeſt,
For know, the laſt Word is the Word that laſts longeſt.

Ver. 115. ſupperleſs the Hero ſate.] It is amazing how the ſenſe of this hath been miſtaken by all the former commentators, who moſt idly ſuppoſe it to imply that the Hero of the poem wanted a ſupper. In truth a great abſurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyſſey is frequently in that circumſtance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to repreſent ſuch Hero under a calamity, to which the greateſt not only of Critics and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been ſubject. But much more refined, I will venture to ſay, is the meaning of our

Plung'd for his ſenſe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere deſpair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonſenſe precipitate, like running Lead,
That ſlip'd through Crags and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.

Next,

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Ver. 121. Round him much Embryo, &c.] In the former Editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witneſs'd huge diſmay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whoſe ſize the ſpace exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were ſo good to gild.
Or where, by ſculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf, &c.

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our author: It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Boſſu calls a diſguiſed ſentence, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poeſy brings all into action; and to repreſent a Critic encompaſſed with books but without a ſupper, is a picture which lively expreſſeth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always caſtigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.

But ſince the diſcovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was ſo natural, after ſo great a loſs of money at dice, or of Reputation by his Play, as that the Poet ſhould have no great ſtomach to eat a ſupper? Beſides, how well has the Poet conſulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he ſwore all the time? BENTL.

Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleaſing memory of all he ſtole,
How here he ſip'd, how there he plunder'd ſnug,
And ſuck'd all o'er, like an induſtrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere:
There hapleſs Shakeſpeare, yet of Tibbald ſore,
Wiſh'd he had blotted for himſelf before.

The

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Ver. 131. poor Fletcher's half-eat ſcenes.] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays.

Ver. 132. The Frippery] "When I fitted up an old "play, it was as a good houſewife will mend old linen, "when ſhe has not better employment.." Life, p. 217, Octavo.

Ver. 133. hapleſs Shakeſpeare, &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a ſubſcriber to Tibbald's Shakeſpeare. He was frequently liberal in this way; and, as he tells us, "ſubſcribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of "pure Generoſity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope "did ſo to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be no-"thing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, publiſhed an edition of Shakeſpeare, of which he was ſo proud himſelf as to ſay, in one of Miſt's Journals, June 8, "That to expoſe "any Errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be "taken by any other Editor, he would ſtill give above "five hundred emendations, that ſhall eſcape them all."

Ver. 134. Wiſh'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praiſe which the Players gave to Shakeſpeare, "that "he never blotted a line." Ben Jonſon honeſtly wiſhed he had blotted a thouſand; and Shakeſpeare would certainly have wiſhed the ſame, if he had lived to ſee thoſe alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only

(and

The reſt on Outſide merit but preſume,
Or ſerve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their ſhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents dreſt in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is ſav'd by Beauties not his own.
Here ſwells the ſhelf with Ogilby the great;
There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:
Here

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(and eſpecially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the Stage, but the preſumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions.

Ver. 135. The reſt on Outſide merit, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts: the firſt conſiſts of thoſe authors from whom he ſtole, and whoſe works he mangled; the ſecond of ſuch as fitted the ſhelves, or were gilded for ſhow, or adorned with pictures: the third claſs our author calls ſolid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old Engliſh Printers, or old Engliſh Tranſlations: all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulneſs.

Ver. 141. Ogilby the great;] "John Ogilby was "one, who from a late initiation into literature, made "ſuch a progreſs as might well ſtyle him the prodigy "of his time! ſending into the world ſo many large "Volumes! His tranſlations of Homer and Virgil done "to the life, and with ſuch excellent ſculptures: And "(what added great grace to his works) he printed "them all on ſpecial good paper, and in a very good "letter." WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets.

Ver. 142. There, ſtamp'd with arms, Newcaſtle ſhines complete:] "The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle was one "who buſied herſelf in the raviſhing delights of Poetry; "leaving to Poſterity in print three ample Volumes of "her

Here all his ſuffering brotherhood retire,
And 'ſcape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But,

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Ver. 145. in the firſt Edit. it was

A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W——s and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note.

It was printed in the ſurreptitious editions, W——ly, W——s, who were perſons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious ſubjects. The line is here reſtored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical "zeal againſt the vices of the times, and abuſes the "greateſt perſonages in power, which brought upon him "frequent Correction. The Marſhalſea and Newgate "were no ſtrangers to him." WINSTANLY. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honeſt dull man. Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

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"her ſtudious endeavours." WINSTANLY, ibid. Langbaine reckons up eight Folios of her Grace's; which were uſually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

Ver. 146. Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.] The Poet has mentioned theſe three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his Brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City inſtead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occaſions, ſuch as ſhows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks

But, high above, more ſolid Learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:

De

VARIATION.

Ver. 152. Old Bodies of Philoſophy appear.

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was his rival in Tragedy (though more ſucceſsful) in one of his Tragedies, the Earl of Eſſex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. Theſe he dreſt in a ſort of Beggar's Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fuſtian and thin Proſaic; exactly imitated in Perolla, and Iſidora, Cæſar in Ægypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben Jonſon, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his Maſter, not entirely contemptible.

Ver. 147. More ſolid Learning] Some have objected, that books of this ſort ſuit not ſo well the library of our Bays, which they imagined conſiſted of Novels, Plays, and obſcene books; but they are to conſider, that he furniſhed his ſhelves only for ornament, and read theſe books no more than the Dry bodies of Divinity, which, no doubt, were purchaſed by his Father when he deſigned him for the Gown. See the note on ver. 200.

Ver. 149. Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former tranſlated into proſe Virgil's Æneis, as a hiſtory; of which he ſpeaks, in his proeme, in a very ſingular manner, as of a book hardly known. Tibbald quotes a rare paſſage from him in Miſt's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a ſtraunge and marvayllouſe beaſte

called

De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.
Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er

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Ver. 162. A twisted, &c.] In the former Edit.
And last, a little Ajax tips the spire.
Var. a little Ajax] in duodecimo, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

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called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespeare to mean rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer.

Ver. 153. Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, Doctor in Physic. "He "translated so many books, that a man would think he "had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be "called Translator general of his age. The books "alone of his turning into English are sufficient to "make a Country Gentleman a compleat Library." WINSTANLY.

Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And ponderous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;

As

VARIATIONS.

rence to this incomparable author, as to ſay in print, He deſerved to be whipt. An inſolence which nothing ſure can parallel! but that of Dennis, who can be proved to have declared before company, that Shakeſpeare was a Raſcal. O Tempora! O Mores!

Var. And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a week.] For ſome time, once a week or fortnight he printed in Miſt's Journal a ſingle remark or poor conjecture on ſome word or pointing of Shakeſpeare, either in his own name, or in letters to himſelf, as from others, without name. Upon theſe ſomebody made this Epigram:

"'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
"To help us thus to read the works of others:
"Never for this can juſt returns be ſhown;
"For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Var. Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;] As to Cook's Heſiod, where ſometimes a note, and ſometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him: And to Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the ſame rank: Theſe were people who writ about the year 1726.

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Ver. 178, 179. Guard the ſure barrier—Or quite unravel, &c.] For Wit or Reaſoning are never greatly hurtful to Dulneſs, but when the firſt is founded in Truth, and the other in Uſefulneſs.

Ver. 181. As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.] The thought of theſe four verſes is founded in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and ſoon after printed) to the Author of a poem called Succeſſio.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my Elaſticity and Fire.
Some Dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe:
Elſe all my Proſe and Verſe were much the ſame;
This, proſe on ſtilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my Fops appear confin'd?
My Life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure, had Heaven decreed to ſave the State,
Heaven had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This grey-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.

What

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. Yet ſure, had Heaven, &c.] In the former Ed.

Had Heaven decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heaven had decreed to ſpare the Grub-ſtreet ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
Could Troy be ſav'd, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 198.—grey-gooſe weapon] Alluding to the old Engliſh weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was fletched with the feathers of the grey-gooſe.

IMITATION.

Ver. 197, 198. Could Troy be ſav'd—This grey-gooſe weapon]

" ——Si Pergama dextra
" Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent." Virg. ib.

What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide? 200

Or

VARIATIONS.

Inſtead of ver. 200—246. in the former Editions.

Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the Roman geeſe of all their glories,
And ſave the State by cackling to the Tories.
Yes, to my Country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.
And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unſtall'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without ſpot; than greas'd by grocers hands,
Or ſhip'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the ſtreets to run,
And viſit Ale-houſe, where ye firſt begun.
With that he lifted thrice the ſparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.——

REMARKS.

Ver. 199. my Fletcher]. A familiar manner of ſpeaking, uſed by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as juſtly ſpeak this of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, ſeeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon "cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'eſt le même que "Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made ſo free with him.

Ver. 200. Take up the Bible, once my better guide?] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himſelf) a Biſhop of the Church of Eng[illegible] own words: "At the "time that th[illegible] the Prince of Orange, "and myſelf [illegible]rovidence thought fit "to poſtpone [illegible]termined: But had

"my

Or tread the path by venturous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the Doctors ſit,
Teach Oaths to Gameſters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidſt thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at different ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)

Shall

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" my father carried me a month ſooner to the Univerſity,
" who knows but that purer fountain might have waſh-
" ed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, in-
" ſtead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and Paſtoral
" Letters?" Apology for his Life, chap. iii.

Ver. 203. at White's amidſt the Doctors] Theſe Doctors had a modeſt and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Maſters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were juſtly ſtyled ſubtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being ſometimes examined, and, by a nice diſtinction, divided and laid open. SCRIBL.

This learned Critic is to be underſtood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than falſe Dice, a Cant phraſe uſed among Gameſters. So the meaning of theſe four ſonorous lines is only this, " Shall " I play fair or foul?"

Ver. 208. Ridpath—Miſt.] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-poſt; Nathanael Miſt, of a famous Tory Journal.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 202. This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God.]

" Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod miſſile libro."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Shall I, like Curtius, deſperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,
And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?
Hold——

REMARKS.

Ver. 211. Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,] Relates to the well-known ſtory of the geeſe that ſaved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anſer
"Porticibus, Gallos in limine addeſſe canebat."

A paſſage I have always ſuſpected. Who ſees not the antitheſis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian majeſty? And what abſurdity to ſay a gooſe ſings? canebat. Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this ſilly bird, in Ecl. ix.

"——argutos inter ſtrepere anſer olores."

Read it, therefore, addeſſe ſtrepebat. And why auratis porticibus? does not the very verſe preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, conſiſtent? I ſcruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuſcriptis) to correct it auritis. Horace uſes the ſame epithet in the ſame ſenſe,

"——Auritas fidibus canoris
"Ducere quercus."

And to ſay that walls have ears is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.

Ver. 212. And cackling ſave the Monarchy of Tories?] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes ſo ingenuouſly confeſſes of himſelf, is true of all Miniſterial-writers whatſoever: "That he "defends the ſupreme powers, as the Geeſe by their "cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; "for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their "Enemies, but were as ready to have defended the "Gauls, if they had been poſſeſſed of the Capitol." Epiſt. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Hold——to the Miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine.
And ſee! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen Brightneſs, to the 'Squire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd Hardneſs, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Abſurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
O born in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go,

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Ver. 215. Gazetteers] A band of Miniſterial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316. who, on the very day their patron quitted his poſt, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics.

Ver. 218. Cibberian forehead] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no ſcruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elſewhere celebrated by our Poet for his great Modeſty—modeſt Cibber—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly claſſical, and, what is more, Homerical; the Dog was the ancient, as the Bitch is the modern, ſymbol of Impudence: (Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων, ſays Achilles to Agamemnon) which, when in a ſuperlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerberus, the Dog with three heads.—But as to the latter part of this verſe, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading. BENTL.

Ver.

Go, purify'd by flames aſcend the ſky,
My better and more chriſtian progeny!
Unſtain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden ſheets;
While all your ſmutty ſiſters walk the ſtreets.
Ye ſhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Paſs, and vagrant through the land;
Nor ſail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not,

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Ver. 225. O born in ſin, &c.] This is a tender and paſſionate Apoſtrophe to his own works, which he is going to ſacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miſerable fates to which they would otherwiſe be ſubject.

Ver. 228. My better and more chriſtian progeny!] "It may be obſervable, that my muſe and my ſpouſe "were equally prolific; that the one was ſeldom the "mother of a Child, but in the ſame year the other "made me the father of a Play. I think we had a dozen "of each ſort between us; of both which kinds ſome "died in their Infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 217. 8vo edit.

Ver. 231. gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a Paſs,] It was a practice ſo to give the Daily Gazetteer and miniſterial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to ſend them Poſt-free to all the Towns in the kingdom.

Ver. 233—with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudi-"braſtic verſe, but beſt known by the London Spy, in "proſe. He has of late years kept a public houſe in "the City, (but in a genteel way) and with his wit, "humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his gueſts a "pleaſurable entertainment, eſpecially thoſe of the high "church

Not, ſulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-houſe fire;
Nor wrap up Oranges, to pelt your fire!
O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt!
Soon to that maſs of Nonſenſe to return,
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
With that, a Tear (portentous ſign of Grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſeven-fold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the ſtructure, with averted eyes:
The rolling ſmokes involve the ſacrifice.
The opening clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great

VARIATION.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the former Ed.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire,
And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.
Then guſh'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the laſt blaze, &c.

Var.

REMARKS.

"church party." JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly ſold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting

Great Cæſar roars, and hiſſes in the fire;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:

No

VARIATIONS.

Var. Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire.]

Memnon, a hero in the Perſian Princeſs, very apt to take fire, as appears by theſe lines, with which he begins the play,

"By heaven it fires my frozen blood with rage,
"And makes it ſcald my aged trunk."——

Rodrigo, the chief perſonage of the Perfidious Brother (a play written between Theobald and a Watch-maker). The Rape of Proſerpine, one of the Farces of this author, in which Ceres ſetting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Play-houſe.

Var. And laſt, his own cold Æſchylus took fire.] He had been (to uſe an expreſſion of our Poet) about Æſchylus for ten years, and had received ſubſcriptions for the ſame, but then went about other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldneſs in a high degree, but our author ſuppoſes it very much cooled by the tranſlation: upon ſight of a ſpecimen of which was made this Epigram,

"Alas! poor Æſchylus! unlucky Dog!
"Whom once a Lobſter kill'd, and now a Log."

But this is a grievous error, for Eſchylus was not ſlain by the fall of a Lobſter on his head, but of a Tortoiſe, teſte Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12. SCRIBL.

REMARKS.

teſting that his public houſe was not in the City, but in Moor-fields.

Ver. 238, 240. Tate—Shadwell] Two of his predeceſſors in the Laurel.

Ver. 250. Now flames the Cid, &c.] In the firſt Notes on the Dunciad it was ſaid, that this Author was particularly

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.

Rouz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thule from her bed;
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.

Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

Great

REMARKS.

particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (ſays he) is "as unjuſt as to ſay I could not dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell moſt ſhamefully, having produced no leſs than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preſerves in theſe few lines) the three firſt of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth ſuppreſſed in fear of the like treatment.

Ver. 253. the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old ſtubble] A Comedy threſhed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and ſo much the Tranſlator's favourite, that he aſſures us all our author's diſlike to it could only ariſe from diſaffection to the Government. He aſſures us, that "when he had "the honour to kiſs his Majeſty's hand upon preſenting "his dedication of it, he was graciouſly pleaſed, out of "his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds "for it. And this he doubts not grieved Mr. P."

Ver. 258. Thule] An unfiniſhed poem of that name, of which one ſheet was printed many years ago, by Ambroſe Philips, a northern author. It is an uſual method of putting out a fire, to caſt wet ſheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this ſheet was of the nature of the Aſbeſtos, which cannot be conſumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical alluſion to the coldneſs and heavineſs of the writing.

Great in Her charms! as when on Shrieves and Mayors
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So, Spirits ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recognize their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her Opium, here ſhe nurs'd her Owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' Imperial ſeat of Fools.
Here to her Choſen all her works ſhe ſhows;
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loitering into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And theſe to Notes are fritter'd quite away:

How

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 268. in the former Ed. followed theſe two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

Var. And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.] Tibbald writ a Poem called the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary wiſh, "That ſome "great genius, or man of diſtinguiſhed merit, may be "ſtarved, in order to celebrate her power, and deſcribe "her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. Great Mother] Magna mater, here applied to Dulneſs. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were conſtantly inquiring Quid nunc? What news?

How Index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 286. Can make a Cibber, Johnſon, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

Ver. 286. Tibbald,] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and ſon to an Attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of ſome forgotten Plays, Tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Cenſor, and a Tranſlation of Ovid. "There is a "notorious Idiot, one hight Wachum, who, from an "under-ſpur-leather to the law, is become an under-"ſtrapper to the Play-houſe, who hath lately burleſqued "the Metamorphoſes of Ovid by a vile Tranſlation, "&c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent pa-"per called the Cenſor." DENNIS, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10.

Ibid. Ozell.] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. "Jacob) did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where ſome-"body left him ſomething to live on, when he ſhall re-"tire from buſineſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to "Cambridge, in order for prieſthood; but he choſe ra-"ther to be placed in an office of accounts, in the City, "being qualified for the ſame by his ſkill in arithmetic, "and writing the neceſſary hands. He has obliged the "world with many tranſlations of French Plays." JACOB, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

The Goddeſs then, o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred Opium ſhed.
And lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heidegger and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My Son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Euſden thirſts no more for ſack or praiſe;
He ſleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293. Know, Euſden, &c.] In the former Ed.

Know, Settle, cloy'd with cuſtard and with praiſe,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancienſt days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns moleſt,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard reſt.
I ſee a King! who leads my choſen ſons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bleſs my throne!
I ſee! I ſee!—Then rapt the ſpoke no more,
God ſave King Tibbald! Grubſtreet alley roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.

REMARKS.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all Sarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As "to my learning, this envious Wretch knew, and every "body knows, that the whole Bench of Biſhops, not "long ago, were pleaſed to give me a purſe of guineas, "for diſcovering the erroneous tranſlations of the Com-"mon-prayer in Portugueſe, Spaniſh, French, Italian, "&c. As for my genius, let Mr. Cleland ſhew better "verſes in all Pope's works, than Ozell's verſion of "Boileau's

Safe, where no Critics damn, no Duns moleſt,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon reſt,
And high-born Howard, more majeſtic fire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.

Thou,

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" Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was ſo " pleaſed with, that he complimented him with leave to " dedicate it to him, &c. Let him ſhew better and " truer Poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's " Rape of the Bucket (la Secchia rapita). And Mr. " Toland and Mr. Gildon publickly declared Ozell's " tranſlation of Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo like- " wiſe ſuperior to Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every man is " free to deſerve well of his country!" JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies, as thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Ver. 290. a Heidegger] A ſtrange bird from Switzerland, and not (as ſome have ſuppoſed) the name of an eminent perſon who was a man of parts, and, as was ſaid of Petronius, Arbiter Elegantiorum.

Ver. 296. Withers,] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. Gildon] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels in the laſt age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jeſuits; but renouncing popery, he publiſhed Blount's books againſt the Divinity of Chriſt, the Oracles of Reaſon, &c. He ſignalized himſelf as a critic, having written ſome very bad Plays; abuſed Mr. P. very ſcandalouſly in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curll; in another, called the New Rehearſal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of Engliſh Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. Howard,] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the Britiſh Princes, and a great number of wonderful

Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel ſhalt ſupport,
Folly, my ſon, has ſtill a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my ſons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheſes, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billinſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-ſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
O! when ſhall riſe a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt

REMARKS.

pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorſet and Rocheſter, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Ver. 309, 310. under Archer's wing,—Gaming, &c.] When the Statute againſt Gaming was drawn up, it was repreſented, that the King, by ancient cuſtom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clauſe was inſerted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the ſummer the Court was at Kenſington, which his Majeſty accidentally being acquainted with, with a juſt indignation, prohibited. It is reported the ſame practice is yet continued wherever the Court reſides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the profeſſed Gameſters in town.

"Greateſt and juſteſt SOVEREIGN; know you this?
"Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head can know,
"Whoſe meads his arms drown, or whoſe corn o'er-
"flow." DONNE to Queen Eliz.

'Twixt Prince and People cloſe the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
Fatten the Courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle Armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an Ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat:
God ſave king Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God ſave king Colley! cries;
God ſave king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

So when Jove's block deſcended from on high
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)

Loud

REMARKS.

Ver. 319. Chapel-royal] The Voices and Inſtruments uſed in the ſervice of the Chapel-royal being alſo employed in the performance of the Birth-day, and New-year Odes.

Ver. 324. But pious Needham] a Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was, that ſhe might "get enough by her profeſſion to leave it off in time, and make her peace with "God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great Friends and Votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

Ver. 325. Back to the Devil] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-ſtreet, where theſe Odes are uſually rehearſed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of thoſe times made this Epigram,

Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave king Log!

REMARKS.

"When Laureates make Odes, Do you aſk of what
"ſort?
"Do you aſk if they're good, or are evil?
"You may judge—From the Devil they come to the
"Court,
"And go from the Court to the Devil."

Ver. 328—Ogilby)—God ſave king Log!] See Ogilby's Æſop's Fables, where, in the ſtory of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemiſtich is to be found.

Our author manifeſts here, and elſewhere, a prodigious tenderneſs for the bad writers. We ſee he ſelects the only good paſſage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ! which ſhews how candid and patient a reader he muſt have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than the words in the preface to his Poems, where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveneſs toward theſe unlucky men, by the moſt moderate repreſentation of their caſe, that has ever been given by any author?

But how much all indulgence is loſt upon theſe people may appear from the juſt reflection made on their conſtant conduct and conſtant fate, in the following Epigram:

"Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a-while,
"When Pope vouchſaf'd a ray,
"Alas! depriv'd of his kind ſmile,
"How ſoon ye fade away!

"To compaſs Phœbus' car about,
"Thus empty vapours riſe,
"Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
"That rear'd him to the ſkies.

Alas!

" Alas! thoſe ſkies are not your ſphere;
" There He ſhall ever burn:
" Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
" And muſt to Earth return.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

THE King being proclaimed, the ſolemnity is graced with public Games and ſports of various kinds; not inſtituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddeſs in perſon (in like manner as the games Pythia, Iſthmia, &c. were anciently ſaid to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herſelf appearing, according to Homer, Odyſſ. xxiv. propoſed the prizes in honour of her ſon Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but juſt, with their Patrons and Bookſellers. The Goddeſs is firſt pleaſed, for her diſport, to propoſe games to the Bookſellers, and ſetteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races deſcribed, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a Poeteſs. Then follow the Exerciſes for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: The firſt holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the ſecond of Diſputants and fuſtian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Laſtly,

Laſtly, for the Critics, the Goddeſs propoſes (with great propriety) an Exerciſe, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verſe, and the other in proſe, deliberately read, without ſleeping: The various effects of which, with the ſeveral degrees and manners of their operation, are here ſet forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of ſpectators, actors, and all preſent, fall faſt aſleep; which naturally and neceſſarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous ſeat, that far out-ſhone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,

Or

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TWO things there are, upon the ſuppoſition of which the very baſis of all verbal criticiſm is founded and ſupported: The firſt, that an Author could never fail to uſe the beſt word on every occaſion; the ſecond, that a Critic cannot chuſe but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, firſt, that the author could never have uſed it; and, ſecondly, that he muſt have uſed that very one, which we conjecture, in its ſtead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two laſt verſes of the preceding book, which in all the former editions ſtood thus:

Hoarſe thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God ſave king Log.

He has, with great judgment, tranſpoſed theſe two epithets; putting hoarſe to the nation, and loud to the thunder: And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchſafed not ſo much as to mention the former; for which aſſertion of the juſt right of a Critic he merits the acknowledgment of all ſound Commentators.

Ver. 2. Henley's gilt tub,] The pulpit of a Diſſenter is uſually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had alſo a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inſcription, 'The Primitive Euchariſt.' See the hiſtory of this perſon, book iii.

Ibid,

Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden ſhowers,
Great

REMARKS.

Ver. 2. or Fleckno's Iriſh throne,] Richard Fleckno was an Iriſh prieſt, but had laid aſide (as himſelf expreſſed it) the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.

It may be juſt worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophiſts entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne. Themiſtius, Orat. i.

Ver. 3. Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours,] Edmund Curll ſtood in the pillory at Charing-croſs, in March 1727-8. "This (ſaith Edmund "Curll) is a falſe Aſſertion—I had indeed the corporal "puniſhment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe "are pleaſed jocoſely to call mounting the Roſtrum for "one hour: but that ſcene of action was not in the "month of March, but in February." [Curlliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the Hiſtory of his being toſt in a Blanket, he ſaith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeſeth in "what thou aſſerteſt concerning the blanket: it was "not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the ſame manner Mr. Cibber remonſtrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not Brazen, but Blocks; yet our author let it paſs unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationſhip.

We ſhould think (gentle Reader) that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly thoſe of the Printer. Since what moved us to this Work, was ſolely the Love of
Truth,

Great Cibber ſate: The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crouds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the Antichriſt of Wit.

And

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 5. Great Tibbald nods.
Ver. 8. In the former edit.
On him, and crouds grow fooliſh as they gaze.
The four next lines are added.

REMARKS.

Truth, not in the leaſt any Vain-glory, or Deſire to contend with Great Authors. And further, our Miſtakes, we conceive, will the rather be pardoned, as ſcarce poſſible to be avoided in writing of ſuch Perſons and Works as do ever ſhun the Light. However, that we may not any way ſoften or extenuate the ſame, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagoniſts: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuſe of the Parties offended: For ſurely in this Work, it hath been above all things our deſire, to provoke no Man. SCRIBL.

Ver. 15. Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great Encouragement

And now the Queen, to glad her ſons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They ſummon all her Race: An endleſs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In ſilks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horſe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cauſe appear'd,
And all who knew thoſe Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their ſtand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,
But

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Ver. 17.
To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims.
Ver. 19. She ſummons all her ſons, &c.

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couragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel; a jeſt which the court of Rome and the Pope himſelf entered into ſo far, as to cauſe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a ſolemn feſtival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the Poet himſelf was ſo tranſported as to weep for joy*. He was ever after a conſtant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verſes without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxiii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Proluſions.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

But now (ſo ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the ſaints of Drury-lane.
With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory and gain, th' induſtrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a Bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarveling bards of theſe degenerate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs! idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A Fool, ſo juſt a copy of a Wit;

80

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Ver. 34. And gentle Dulneſs ever loves a joke.] This ſpecies of mirth called a joke, ariſing from a Mal-entendu, may be well ſuppoſed to be the delight of Dulneſs.

Ver. 47. Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit.] Our author here ſeems willing to give ſome account of the poſſibility of Dulneſs making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by chance). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known ſtory of Apelles, who being at a loſs to expreſs the form of Alexander's

So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

All

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exander's horſe, daſhed his pencil in deſpair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate ſtroke.

Ver. 50. and call'd the phantom More.] CURLL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-Moore Smith, Eſq; and it is probable (conſidering what is ſaid of him in the Teſtimonies) that ſome might fancy our author obliged to repreſent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to paſs for one himſelf. His caſe indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was ſitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had ſtolen his handkerchief. "Sir," (ſaid the thief, finding himſelf detected) "do not expoſe me, I did it for mere "want; be ſo good but to take it privately out of my "pocket again, and ſay nothing." The honeſt man did ſo, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what "a thief we have among us! look, he is ſtealing my "handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Hiſtorico-phyſical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young;—F. Billers, Eſq; and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were loſt; but there happening to be another copy of the letter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. Upon this, it ſeems, he was ſo far miſtaken as to confeſs his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it; unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728.) "That the contempt which he and others had "for thoſe pieces," (which only himſelf had ſhewn, and handed about as his own) "occaſioned their being "loſt, and for that cauſe only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conſcious, none but

he

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame.

But

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he could be the publiſher of it. The plagiariſms of this perſon gave occaſion to the following Epigram:

"Moore always ſmiles whenever he recites;
"He ſmiles (you think) approving what he writes.
"And yet in this no vanity is ſhown;
"A modeſt man may like what's not his own."

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a paſſion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very ſtrong inſtance atteſted by Mr. Savage, ſon of the late Earl Rivers; who having ſhewn ſome verſes of his in manuſcript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called firſt of the tuneful train, Mr. Moore the next morning ſent to Mr. Savage to deſire him to give thoſe verſes another turn, to wit, "That Pope might now be the "firſt; becauſe Moore had left him unrivaled, in turn-"ing his ſtyle to Comedy." This was during the rehearſal of the Rival Modes, his firſt and only work; the Town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modeſt Motto,

"Hic cœſtus, artemque repono."

The ſmaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Coſmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl. for a Parſon, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain Phyſical works on Sir James Baker; and ſome unowned Letters, Advertiſements, and Epigrams againſt our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithſtanding what is here collected of the Perſon imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; ſince our Poet had certainly no

But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe:
" This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
" With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke: and who with Lintot ſhall contend?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curll; " Behold that rival here!

The

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need of vindicating half a dozen verſes to himſelf, which every reader had done for him; ſince the name itſelf is not ſpelled Moore, but More; and laſtly, ſince the learned Scriblerus has ſo well proved the contrary.

Ver. 50. the phantom More.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real perſon, but fictitious. More from μωρος, ſtultus, μωρια ſtultitia, to repreſent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Eraſmus, " Admonuit me " Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum " accedit quam es ipſe a re alienus." Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, Vale, More! et moriam tuam gnaviter defende. Adieu! More! and be ſure ſtrongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.

Ver. 53. But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the epiſode of the Bookſellers; Perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a Bull. This eminent Bookſeller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned.

Ver. 58. Stood dauntleſs Curll;] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf of a com-

" The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
" So take the hindmoſt, Hell," (he ſaid) and run. 60
Swift

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a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very Names their own. He was not only famous among theſe; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: He ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomede; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favoured of the Gods; he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter: Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent, (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical: After this he is unrivaled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: Many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curll ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: Witneſs innumerable inſtances; but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from her to him, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair,

Swift as a Bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-ſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So labouring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure ſpread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's ſhop)

Here

VARIATION.

Ver. 67. With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
And ſeem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

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and to that happy incident he owed all the favour ſince received from him: So true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, the "better or the worſe, for having but ſeen or ſpoken to a "good or bad man."

Ver. 70. Curll's Corinna] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe Gentlemen to Curll, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

Here fortun'd Curll to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the Miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear, Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from Ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods diſtils.
In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.
Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her Votary's prayer,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Liſtening

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Ver. 82. Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.] The Bible, Curll's ſign: the Croſs-keys, Lintot's.

Liſtening delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vigorous he riſes; from th' effluvia ſtrong,
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Re-paſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the Victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night,
To ſeize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſt in air;
Songs, ſonnets, Epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpay'd taylor ſnatch'd away.

No

VARIATION.

Ver. 99—104. In former Ed. thus,

(Oft, as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddeſs favour'd him, and favours yet)

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Ver. 101. Where, as he fiſh'd, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miſcellanies.

Ver. 116. Evans, Young, and Swift.] Some of thoſe perſons, whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts he had owned. See note on ver. 50.

Ver.

No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heaven rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-ſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Meers, Warner, Wilkins, run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll

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Ver. 118. an unpay'd taylor] This line has been loudly complained of in Miſt, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a moſt inhuman ſatire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of Taylors. To me this inſtance ſeems unluckily choſen; if it be a ſatire on any body, it muſt be on a bad paymaſter, ſince the perſon to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may well be jealous of ſo great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis ſo far aſſerts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himſelf was not "in debt, it was becauſe nobody would truſt him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.

Ver. 124. like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in news-papers.—"Bond writ a "ſatire againſt Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of "The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance "to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and ſome la-"dies of quality," ſays CURLL, Key, p. 11.

Ver. 125. Mears, Warner, Wilkins] Bookſellers, and Printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

Curll ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down
And turn this whole illuſion on the town:
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toaſts retails each batter'd Jade;

(Whence

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Ver. 126. Breval, Bond, Beſaleel,] I foreſee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our aſſertion on ver. 50. of this book, that More was a fictitious name, ſince thoſe perſons are equally repreſented by the poet as phantoms. So at firſt ſight it may be ſeen; but be not deceived, reader; theſe alſo are not real perſons. 'Tis true, Curll declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederates; but the ſame Curll firſt ſaid it was written by Joſeph Gay: Is his ſecond aſſertion to be credited any more than his firſt? He likewiſe affirms Bond to be one who writ a ſatire on our poet: But where is ſuch a ſatire to be found? where was ſuch a writer ever heard of? As for Beſaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a ſurname. Thou may'ſt depend upon it, no ſuch authors ever lived; all phantoms. SCRIBL.

Ver. 128. Joſeph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curll before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's.—The ambiguity of the word Joſeph, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper-coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea.

Ver. 132. And turn this whole illuſion on the town:] It was a common practice of this bookſeller to publiſh vile pieces of obſcure hands under the names of eminent Authors.

(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Dutcheſſes and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior; and Concanen, Swift:
So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.

With

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Ver. 138. Cook ſhall be Prior,] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called The Battle of the Poets, in which Philips and Welſted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the Britiſh, London, and Daily Journals; and at the ſame time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, proteſting his Innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ver. 138. and Concanen, Swift:] In the firſt edition of this poem there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

Ver. 140. And we too boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praiſing good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Iſaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addiſon; in a word, almoſt every man of his time that deſerved it; even Cibber himſelf (preſuming him to be the author of the Careleſs Huſband). It was very difficult to have that pleaſure in a poem on this ſubject, yet he has found means to inſert their panegyric, and has made even Dulneſs out of her own mouth pronounce it. It muſt have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his conſtant friend, and as he was his predeceſſor in this kind of ſatire. The Diſpenſary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a

much

With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

A ſhaggy

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much more uſeful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It alſo did, what Mr. Theobald ſays is unpardonable, draw in parts of private character, and introduced perſons independent of his ſubject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his cenſure, who left all ſubjects whatever, on all occaſions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern.) But certainly next to commending good writers, the greateſt ſervice to learning is to expoſe the bad, who can only that way be made of any uſe to it. This truth is very well ſet forth in theſe lines addreſſed to our author.

" The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
" (Though neither birds of moral kind)
" Yet ſerve, if hang'd, or ſtuff'd with ſtraw,
" To ſhow us which way blows the wind.

" Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
" Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
" Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
" And point inſtruction every way.

" With Ægypt's art thy pen may ſtrive:
" One potent drop let this but ſhed,
" And every Rogue that ſtunk alive,
" Becomes a precious Mummy dead."

Ver. 142. rueful length of face] " The decrepid per-
" ſon or figure or a man are no reflections upon his Ge-
" nius: An honeſt mind will love and eſteem a man of
" worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the au-
" thor of the Dunciad hath libelled a perſon for his rue-
" ful length of face!" Miſt's Journal, June 8. This

Genius

A ſhaggy Tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
In-

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Genius and man of worth, whom an honeſt mind ſhould love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he ſtood on the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever ſo comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis ſaith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; "it is often occaſioned by calamities and diſeaſes, which "a man can no more help than a monſter can his de- "formity. There is no one misfortune, and no one "diſeaſe, but what all the reſt of mankind are ſubject "to.—But the deformity of this Author is viſible, pre- "ſent, laſting, unalterable, and peculiar to himſelf. 'Tis "the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us "warning that we ſhould hold no ſociety with him, as a "creature not of our original, nor of our ſpecies: and "they who have refuſed to take this warning which "God and Nature has given them, and have, in ſpite "of it, by a ſenſeleſs preſumption, ventured to be fami- "liar with him, have ſeverely ſuffered, &c.' Tis certain "his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c. DENNIS, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is obſerved by Mr. Dennis againſt Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingſgate can "never be the language of charity, nor conſequently of "Chriſtianity." I ſhould elſe be tempted to uſe the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I conſider it really hurts not him! whereas to call ſome others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little aſs or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothleſs lion or an old ſerpent. Indeed, had I written theſe notes (as was once my intent) in the

Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure.

Ear-

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the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of balatro, calceatum caput, ſcurra in triviis, being phraſes in good eſteem and frequent uſage among the beſt learned: But in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, ſurely it ſhould be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby chriſtian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preſerved. SCRIBL.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occaſions, eminently ſhews his humanity. But it was far otherwiſe with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whoſe ſcurrilities were always perſonal, and of that nature which provoked every honeſt man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, ſince they occaſioned the following amiable Verſes:

"While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
"Its own celeſtial fire;
"While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
"Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pen thy worth aſſail,
"And envious tongues decry;
"Theſe times though many a Friend bewail,
"Theſe times bewail not I.

"But when the World's loud praiſe is thine,
"And ſpleen no more ſhall blame,
"When with thy Homer thou ſhalt ſhine
"In one eſtabliſh'd fame:

"When none ſhall rail, and every lay
"Devote a wreath to thee;
"That day, (for come it will) that day
"Shall I lament to ſee."

Ver.

Earleſs on high, ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

And

REMARKS.

Ver. 143. A ſhaggy Tapeſtry.] A ſorry kind of Tapeſtry frequent in old Inns, made of worſted or ſome coarſer ſtuff; like that which is ſpoken of by Donne—Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Chriſt in old hangings. This imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.

Ver. 144. John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough, &c.

Ver. 148. And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly paper called the Obſervator: He was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that Prince died an exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Ver. 149. There Ridpath, Roper,] Authors of the Flying-poſt and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

Ver. 151. Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,] The hiſtory of Curll's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curll, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!
In every loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;

Fair

REMARKS.

Ver. 157. See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,] In this game is expoſed, in the moſt contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiouſneſs of thoſe ſhameleſs ſcriblers (for the moſt part of that ſex, which ought leaſt to be capable of ſuch malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both ſexes, to the ruin of public fame, or diſturbance of private happineſs. Our good poet (by the whole caſt of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not ſhew his indignation, hath ſhewn his contempt, as much as poſſible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be repreſented in the colours of Epic poeſy. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the two babes of love, ſee CURLL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted with the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and that tenderneſs with which "he conſidered the errors of his fellow-creatures; that, "though ſhe ſhould find the little inadvertencies of her "own life recorded in his papers, ſhe was certain it "would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe could not but "approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hiſt. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.

Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.
The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far ſtreaming to the ſky;
"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not ingloriouſly, at home."
Oſborne and Curll accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Though this his Son diſſuades, and that his Wife.)

One

REMARKS.

Ver. 160. Kirkall,] the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

Ver. 167. Oſborne, Thomas] A bookſeller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs deſerving predeceſſor. [Chapman, the publiſher of Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia, &c.] This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's Subſcription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: Of which book he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739, "How melancholy muſt it be to a Writer to be ſo unhappy as to ſee his works hawked for "ſale in a manner ſo fatal to his fame! How, with ho-"nour to yourſelf, and Juſtice to your Subſcribers, can "this be done! What an Ingratitude to be charged on "the Only honeſt Poet that lived in 1738! and than

"whom

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperior ſize.
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt:
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its watery round
(Sure ſign, that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd).
A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild Meander waſh'd the Artiſt's face:
Thus the ſmall jett, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gardener's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curll; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;
Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.

Swift

REMARKS.

"whom Virtue has not had a ſhriller Trumpeter for "many ages! That you were once generally admired "and eſteemed, can be denied by none; but that you "and your works are now deſpiſed, is verified by this "fact:" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the Bookſeller.

Ver. 183. Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn;] In a manuſcript Dunciad (where are ſome marginal corrections of ſome gentlemen ſome time deceaſed) I have found another reading of theſe lines, thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
"His rapid waters in their paſſage glow.

This

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft ſmiling, lead'ſt away.

Oſborne,

REMARKS.

This I cannot but think the right: For, firſt, though the difference between burn and glow may ſeem not very material to others, to me I confeſs the latter has an elegance, a je ne ſçay quoy, which is much eaſier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet muſt have obſerved how frequently he uſes this word glow in other parts of his works: To inſtance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one reſentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The cloſing fleſh that inſtant ceas'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompaſs'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breaſt with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on ſilver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could ſtretch this catalogue to a great extent; but theſe are enough to prove his fondneſs for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was ſaid to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time: But from that very reaſon I infer the direct contrary. For ſurely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to inſult a man on ſuch a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half SCRIBL.

While thus each hand promotes the pleaſing pain,
And quick ſenſations ſkip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in deſpair,
Puts his laſt refuge all in heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her ſiſter ſends, her votareſs, from above,
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to different ſports (the Goddeſs cries)
And learn, my ſons, the wondrous power of Noiſe.
To move, to raiſe, to raviſh every heart,
With Shakeſpeare's nature, or with Jonſon's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to ſhake the ſoul
With thunder rumbling from the muſtard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madneſs ſwell,
Now ſink in ſorrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and ſenſe is at a ſtand.
Improve we theſe. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whoſe chattering ſhames the Monkey tribe:
And

REMARKS.

Ver. 226. With Thunder rumbling from the muſtard bowl,] The old way of making Thunder and Muſtard were the ſame; but ſince, it is more advantageouſly performed by troughs of wood with ſtops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great paſſion at hearing ſome, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is my Thunder."

And his this Drum, whoſe hoarſe heroic baſs
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Aſs.
Now thouſand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics ruſh diſcordant in;
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noiſe and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Diſſonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-ſnap ſhort, and Interruption ſmart,
And Demonſtration thin, and Theſes thick,
And Major, Minor, and Concluſion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen): A Cat-call each ſhall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-diſputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At ſome ſick miſer's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, abſent foals they make
A moan ſo loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind-pipe: Aſs intones to Aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from labouring lungs th' Enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſounds, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;

Or

VARIATION.

Ver. 241, 242. added ſince the firſt Edition.

REMARKS.

Ver. 238. Norton,] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and ſome Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Or ſuch as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield! thine.
But far o'er all ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tottenham fields, the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane ſotentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.

This

VARIATION.

Ver. 257, 258. This couplet is an addition.

REMARKS.

Ver. 258. Webſter—and Whitefield] The one the writer of a News-paper called the Weekly Miſcellany, the other a Field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of ſpiritual madneſs: That by the old death of fire and faggot: And therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober Clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraordinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthuſiaſm are, while the Civil Magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.

Ver. 263. Long Chancery-lane] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of Clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorouſly allegorized in theſe lines.

Ver.

This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning-prayers, and flagellation end) 270
To

REMARKS.

Ver. 268. Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.] A juſt character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expreſſeth it)

" Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels."

and whoſe indefatigable Muſe produced no leſs than ſix Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza ten; Alfred twelve; the Redeemer, ſix; beſides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Pſalms; the Creation, ſeven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. It is in this ſenſe he is ſtyled afterwards the everlaſting Blackmore. Notwithſtanding all which, Mr. Gildon ſeems aſſured, " that this admirable author " did not think himſelf upon the ſame foot with Ho- " mer." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the times? p. 25. who ſays, " Sir Ri- " chard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to miſ- " take his proper talents; and that he has not for many " years been ſo much as named, or even thought of " among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: " Blackmore's Action " (ſaith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor mora- " lity, nor univerſality; and conſequently he can have " no Fable, and no Heroic Poem: His Narration is " neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his cha- " racters have none of the neceſſary qualifications; the " things contained in his narration are neither in their " own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor " rightly diſpoſed, nor ſurprizing, nor pathetic."—Nay he proceeds ſo far as to ſay Sir Richard has no Genius; firſt laying down, that " Genius is cauſed by a furious " joy and pride and ſoul, on the conception of an extra-

To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

The

REMARKS,

" ordinary Hint. Many men (ſays he) have their Hints, " without thoſe motions of fury and pride of ſoul, be- " cauſe they want fire enough to agitate their ſpirits; " and theſe we call cold writers. Others who have a " great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel " the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraor- " dinary hints; and theſe we call fuſtian writers. But " he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints nor " the Motions." Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his firſt works abuſed the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his laſt, of Mr. Pope, accuſing him in very high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality (Eſſay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was author of a Traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. Mr. Dennis took up the ſame report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we ſhall here tranſcribe. " It was " he who burleſqued the Pſalms of David. It is ap- " parent to me that Pſalm was burleſqued by a Popiſh " rhymeſter. Let rhyming perſons who have been " brought up Proteſtants be otherwiſe what they will, " let them be rakes, let them be ſcoundrels, let them " be Atheiſts, yet education has made an invincible im- " preſſion on them in behalf of the ſacred writings. " But a Popiſh rhymeſter has been brought up with a " contempt for thoſe ſacred writings; now ſhew me " another Popiſh rhymeſter but he." This manner of argumentation is uſual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the ſame againſt Sir Richard himſelf, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion. " All Mr. Blackmore's " celeſtial Machines, as they cannot be defended ſo

" much

The King of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
"Here ſtrip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who beſt can daſh through thick and thin,
"And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well.

"Who

REMARKS.

"much as by common received opinion, ſo are they di-
"rectly contrary to the doctrine of the church of Eng-
"land; for the viſible deſcent of an Angel muſt be a
"miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of
"England that miracles had ceaſed a long time before
"Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doc-
"trine of the Church of England be true, as we are
"obliged to believe, then are all the celeſtial machines
"in Prince Arthur unſufferable, as wanting not only
"human, but divine probability. But if the machines
"are ſufferable, that is, if they have ſo much as divine
"probability, then it follows of neceſſity that the doc-
"trine of the Church is falſe. So I leave it to every
"impartial Clergyman to conſider," &c. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.

Ver. 270. (As morning prayer and flagellation end)] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church ſervice, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumſtance of the Judges riſing from court, or of the Labourers dinner: our author by one very proper both to the Perſons and the Scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord mayor's day: The firſt book paſſed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-ſtreet (places inhabited by Bookſellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and laſtly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddeſs.

" Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
" The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; 280
" A pig of lead to him who dives the beſt;
" A peck of coals apiece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands;

Then

VARIATION.

Ver. 283. In former Ed.——great Dennis ſtands.

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. the weekly Journals] Papers of news and ſcandal intermixed, on different ſides and parties, and frequently ſhifting from one ſide to the other, called the London Journal, Britiſh Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the concealed writers of which for ſome time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; perſons never ſeen by our author.

Ver. 283. In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43. which ſays of his own Simile, that " 'Tis as great as ever entered into the " mind of man." " In Poetry he was not ſo happy as " laborious, and therefore characterized by the Tatler, " No. 62. by the name of Omicron the Unborn Poet." Curll, Key, p. 13, " He writ Dramatic works, and a " volume of Poetry conſiſting of heroic Epiſtles, &c. ſome " whereof are very well done," ſaid that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In

Then ſighing thus, "And am I now threeſcore?
"Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?"
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to ſink the deeper, roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

All

REMARKS.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a Perverter of Hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified, produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

Ver. 291. Next Smedley div'd;] In the ſurreptitious editions, this whole Epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of

All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.
Then * * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the ſabler ſtreams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, ſee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 295. in former Ed.
Then * * try'd, but hardly ſnatched from ſight.
After ver. 298. in the firſt Edit. followed theſe,
Far worſe unhappy D—r ſucceeds,
He ſearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

REMARKS.

of nothing elſe in book i. ver. 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous Pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo. 1728.

Ver. 295. Then * * eſſay'd;] A gentlemen of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels, and perſonal invectives.

Ver. 299. Concanen] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Iriſhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accuſes him of "having boaſted of "what he had not written, but others had reviſed and "done for him." He was author of ſeveral dull and dead

If perſeverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlaſting Blackmore this denies:
No noiſe, no ſtir, no motion canſt thou make,
Th' unconſcious ſtream ſleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a deſperate pack,
With each a ſickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!

And

VARIATION.

Ver. 305—314. Not in former Ed.

REMARKS.

dead ſcurrilities in the Britiſh and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatiſt. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verſes (for which he might indeed ſeem in ſome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thoſe of the duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece ſomebody humouroufly cauſed him to take for his motto, "De profundis cla-"mavi." He was ſince a hired Scribler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingſgate againſt the lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was ſurpriſingly promoted to adminiſter Juſtice and Law in Jamaica.

Ver. 306, 307. With each a ſickly brother at his back:—Sons of a day, &c.] Theſe were daily Papers, a number of which, to leſſen the expence, were printed one on the back of another.

Ver.

And Monumental Braſs this record bears,
" Theſe are,—ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers!"

Not

REMARKS.

Ver. 312. Oſborne] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt, being aſhamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

Ver. 314. Gazetteers] We ought not to ſuppoſe that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachroniſm, affirming theſe Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any ſuch paper of that date. But we may with equal aſſurance aſſert theſe Gazetteers not to have lived ſince, and challenge all the learned world to produce one ſuch paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is ſo obſcure, our author ought not to be cenſured too raſhly. SCRIB.

Notwithſtanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which laſted but a day. Into this, as a common ſink, was received all the traſh, which had been before diſperſed in ſeveral Journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were the ſame obſcure men: though ſometimes relieved by occaſional eſſays from Stateſmen, Courtiers, Biſhops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner ſort were rewarded with Money; others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thouſand a year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O. " That no leſs than fifty " thouſand ſeventy-ſeven pounds eighteen ſhillings, " were paid to Authors and Printers of Newſpapers, " ſuch as Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's " Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, be- " tween Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which ſhews the Benevolence of one Miniſter, to have expended, for the current dulneſs of ten years in Britain, double

the

Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſkull,
Furious he drives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arm inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 315. In firſt Ed.
Not Welſted ſo: drawn endlong by his ſkull,
Furious he ſinks, precipitately dull.

REMARKS.

the ſum which gained Louis XIV. ſo much honour, in annual Penſions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Penſion at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Univerſities, of any Conſideration, was beſtowed on any man diſtinguiſhed for his Learning ſeparately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics beſtowed by theſe writers on this great Miniſter, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even ſo much credit done to his Perſonal character by all they have written, as by one ſhort occaſional compliment of our Author:

"Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
"Of ſocial Pleaſure, ill exchang'd for Power!
"Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
"Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe."

Ver. 315. Arnall] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the

firſt

The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form, in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
Firſt

VARIATION.

Ver. 323—326. In firſt Ed. thus,
Sudden a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Lo, Smedley roſe in majeſty of mud.

REMARKS.

firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his Predeceſſor's. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witneſs a paper, called the Free Briton, a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing by the aforeſaid REPORT, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the ſpace of "four years, no leſs than ten thouſand nine hundred "and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhillings and eight "pence, out of the Treaſury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable Patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

Ver. 323. The plunging Prelate, &c.] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this Title was meant a truly great Prelate, as reſpectable for his defence

Firſt he relates, how ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.
Then ſung, how, ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here riſes from the Shades;
That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting Vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's offering to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.

Thence

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 343—351. In firſt Ed. thus,

Pours into Thames: each city bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
Here to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him ſoft; here all the bards aroſe;
Taylor, ſweet bird of Thames, majeſtic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows;
While Milbourn there, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt;
And "Take (he ſaid) &c.

REMARKS.

fence of the preſent balance of power in the civil conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the Scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe ſo much to the memory

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repoſe,
They led him ſoft; each reverend bard aroſe;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
"Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound Divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The reverend Flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.
Around him wide a ſable Army ſtand,
A low-born, cell-bred, ſelfiſh, ſervile band,

Prompt

REMARKS.

of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid Man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

Ver. 349. And Milbourn] Luke Milbourn a Clergyman, the faireſt of Critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our author, as will be ſeen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append.

Ver. 355. Around him wide, &c.] It is to be hoped that the ſatire in theſe lines will be underſtood in the confined ſenſe in which the Author meant it, of ſuch only of the Clergy, who, though ſolemnly engaged in the ſervice of Religion, dedicate themſelves for venal and corrupt ends to that of Miniſters or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aſpire to interfere in the government of it, and conſequently to diſturb and diſorder it; in which they fall

ſhort

Prompt or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heaven's Swiſs, who fight for any God, or Man.
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overſhades the ſtreet,
Till ſhowers of Sermons, Characters, Eſſays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from ſome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and deſcend in ſnow.
Here ſtopt the Goddeſs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
" Ye Critics! in whoſe heads, as equal ſcales,
" I weigh what author's heavineſs prevails:
" Which moſt conduce to ſooth the ſoul in ſlumbers,
" My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
" Attend

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 355—362. Not in firſt Ed. where, inſtead of ver. 363—367, were originally theſe lines:

Slow moves the Goddeſs, from the ſable flood,
(Her Prieſt preceding) through the gates of Lud.
Her Critics there ſhe ſummons, and proclaims
A gentler exerciſe to cloſe the games.
Here you, in whoſe grave heads, &c.

REMARKS.

ſhort of their Predeceſſors only by being inveſted with much leſs of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in ſupporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by ſuperſtition, or betraying it by libertiniſm, as either was thought beſt to ſerve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

" Attend the trial we propoſe to make:
" If there be man, who o'er ſuch works can wake,
" Sleep's all-ſubduing charms who dares defy,
" And boaſts Ulyſſes' ear with Argus' eye;
" To him we grant our ampleſt powers, to ſit
" Judge of all preſent, paſt, and future wit;
" To cavil, cenſure, dictate, right or wrong,
" Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs and three pert Templars came,
The ſame their talents, and their taſtes the ſame;
Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of Poeſy and Prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of Mum,
Till all, tun'd equal, ſend a general hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the ſenſe compoſe,
At every line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowzy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but, thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.

Toland

VARIATION.

Ver. 379. In firſt Ed. Three Cambridge Sophs.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer.
Yet ſilent bow'd to "Chriſt's No kingdom here." 400
Who ſate the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt, the diſtant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering ſeals his eyes,

As

VARIATION.

Ver. 399. in the firſt Edit. it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at Prieſts to jeer.

REMARKS.

Ver. 397. Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak,] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South Sea ſcheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and "hath written ſome excellent Epilogues to plays, "and one ſmall piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt Stateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation.

Ver. 399. Toland and Tindal,] Two perſons not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the Religion of their Country. Toland, the author of the Atheiſt's liturgy, called Pantheiſticon, was a ſpy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Chriſtian Church, and Chriſtianity as old as the Creation. He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S—, which was ſuppreſſed while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhewed it, expecting his approbation: This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, mutatis mutandis, againſt that very perſon.

Ver. 400. Chriſt's No kingdom, &c.] This is ſaid by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a ſermon of a reverend Biſhop.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the mid-moſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the ſea of heads.
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

Norton

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 412. In firſt Ed. Old James himſelf.
Ver. 413. In the firſt Edit. it was,
T—s and T— the Church and State gave o'er,
Nor *** talk'd nor S— whiſper'd more.
In the ſecond,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talk'd, nor Naſo whiſper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. Centlivre] Mrs. Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (ſays Mr. Jacob, vol. i, p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a Ballad againſt Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

Ver. 413. Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the Stage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. The ſame Mr. Law is author of a book, intitled, An Appeal to all that doubt of or diſbelieve the truth of the Goſpel; in which he has detailed a Syſtem

of

Norton, from Daniel and Oſtroea ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head;
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.
Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, Poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing, what Bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumbering viſit, and convey to ſtews;

Who

REMARKS.

of the rankeſt Spinoziſm, for the moſt exalted Theology; and amongſt other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſtole the principles of his philoſophy from one Jacob Behmen, a German Cobler.

Ver. 414. Morgan] A writer againſt Religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for having ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his Philoſophy from Spinoſa, he calls himſelf, by the courteſy of England, a Moral Philoſopher.

Ibid. Mandevil] This writer, who prided himſelf in the reputation of an Immoral Philoſopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees; written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the Invention of knaves, and Chriſtian Virtue the Impoſition of fools; and that Vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render Society flouriſhing and happy.

Ver. 415. Norton] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel, Fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abuſed with his betters; and of many hired ſcurrilities and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

Who prouder march'd with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a Prieſt in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat.

VARIATION.

Ver. 425. In firſt Ed. How Laurus lay, &c.

REMARKS.

Ver. 427. Fleet] A priſon for inſolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the other perſons are diſpoſed in their proper places of reſt, the Goddeſs tranſports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to ſlumber with his head on her lap; a poſition of marvellous virtue, which cauſeth all the Viſions of wild enthuſiaſts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, caſtle-builders, chemiſts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elyſian ſhade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the ſouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoſt of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thoſe which he himſelf is deſtined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Viſion, from whence he ſhews him the paſt triumphs of the Empire of Dulneſs, then the preſent, and laſtly the future: how ſmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how ſoon thoſe conqueſts were ſtopped, and thoſe very nations again reduced

reduced to her dominion. Then diſtinguiſhing the Iſland of Great Britain, ſhews by what aids, by what perſons, and by what degrees, it ſhall be brought to her Empire. Some of the perſons he cauſes to paſs in review before his eyes, deſcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a ſudden the Scene ſhifts, and a vaſt number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly ſurprizing and unknown to the King himſelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this ſubject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of theſe. He propheſies how firſt the nation ſhall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the Throne of Dulneſs ſhall be advanced over the Theatres, and ſet up even at Court: then how her Sons ſhall preſide in the ſeats of Arts and Sciences: giving a glimpſe, or Piſgah ſight, of the future Fulneſs of her Glory, the accompliſhment whereof is the ſubject of the fourth and laſt Book.

BOOK III.

BUT in her Temple's laſt receſs inclos'd,
On Dulneſs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him cloſe ſhe curtains round with Vapours blue,
And ſoft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew,
Then raptures high the ſeat of Senſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reaſon know.
Hence, from the ſtraw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradiſe, the Statesman's Scheme,
The air-built Caſtle, and the golden Dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the Chemiſt's flame,
And Poet's viſion of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing convey'd,
The King deſcending, views th' Elyſian Shade.

A ſlip-

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated that the following Viſion is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended ſatire on the preſent Age, doubtleſs more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuſes in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and ſciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any ſuch miſtake of our Poet's honeſt meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Viſion, repeated this monition, ſaying that it all paſſed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falſity. SCRIBL.

How much the good Scriblerus was miſtaken, may be ſeen from the fourth Book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never ſeen. BENTL.

A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from Poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams,
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, though now he ſings no more.)
Ben-

VARIATION.

Ver. 15—22. Not in the firſt Ed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 15. A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl] This allegory is extremely juſt, no conformation of the mind ſo much ſubjecting it to real Madneſs, as that which produces real Dulneſs. Hence we find the religious (as well as the poetical) Enthuſiaſts of all ages were ever, in their natural ſtate, moſt heavy and lumpiſh; but on the leaſt application of heat, they ran like lead, which of all metals falls quickeſt into fuſion. Whereas fire in a Genius is truly Promethean, it hurts not its conſtituent parts, but only fits it (as it does well-tempered ſteel) for the neceſſary impreſſions of art. But the common people have been taught (I do not know on what foundation) to regard Lunacy as a mark of Wit, juſt as the Turks and our modern Methodiſts do of Holineſs. But if the cauſe of Madneſs aſſigned by a great Philoſopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the dunces. He ſuppoſes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea: Now as this attention is occaſioned either by Grief or Study, it will be fixed by Dulneſs; which hath not quickneſs enough to comprehend what it ſeeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.

Ver. 19. Taylor] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: A rare example of modeſty in a Poet!

"I muſt

Benlowes, propitious ſtill to Blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.
Here, in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits, to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Meers unbar the gates of Light,
Demand

REMARKS.

" I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
" And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence:
" For having got from poſſum to poſſet,
" I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ver. 21. Benlowes,] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus: to verify which, he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

Ver. 22. And Shadwell nods the Poppy, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years; and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

Ver. 24. Old Bavius ſits,] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſes as Bays by our author, though not in ſo chriſtian-like a manner: For heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that

IMITATION.

Ver. 28. unbar the gates of Light,] An Hemiſtich of Milton.

he

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

Won-

REMARKS.

he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works; Qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great Good-nature and Mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this Poem.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 28. Brown and Meers] Bookſellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by Bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

Ver. 34. Ward in Pillory.] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curll (having likewiſe ſtood there) looks upon the mention of ſuch a Gentleman in a ſatire, as a great act of barbarity, Key to the Dunc. 3d Edit. p. 16. And another author reaſons thus upon it. Durgen. 8vo, p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of Chriſtian Charity to "animate the rabble to abuſe a worthy man in ſuch a "ſituation? What could move the Poet thus to men-"tion a brave ſufferer, a gallant priſoner, expoſed to "the view of all mankind! It was laying aſide his "Senſes, it was committing a Crime for which the "Law is deficient not to puniſh him! nay, a Crime "which Man can ſcarce forgive, or Time efface! no-"thing ſurely could have induced him to it but being

"bribed

Wondering he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known

REMARKS.

"bribed by a great Lady," &c. (to whom this brave, honeſt, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court.) But it is evident, this verſe could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he ſtood there.

Ver. 36. And length of ears,] This is a ſophiſticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyiſts are miſtaken here: I believe I may ſay the ſame of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welſted, have paſſed it in ſilence. I have alſo ſtumbled at it, and wondered how an error ſo manifeſt could eſcape ſuch accurate perſons. I dare aſſert, it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of ſome Tranſcriber, whoſe head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himſelf ſhould overlook it! Yet that Scholiaſt takes not the leaſt notice hereof. That the learned Miſt alſo read it thus, is plain from his ranging this paſſage among thoſe in which our author was blamed for perſonal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtleſs he might take the ear to be a part); ſo likewiſe Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Poſt, and all the herd of Commentators.—Tota armenta ſequuntur.

A very little ſagacity (which all theſe gentlemen therefore wanted) will reſtore us to the true ſenſe of the Poet thus,

By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of years.

See how eaſy a change; of one ſingle letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is moſt certain; but he was (happily) a ſtranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. TIBBALD's, partly SCRIBL.

Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:
All as the veſt, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

Oh

REMARKS.

Ver. 37. Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the Univerſity of Cambridge there were thoſe who gave him the preference." Mr. Welſted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourne cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himſelf againſt Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. Theſe are comfortable opinions; and no wonder ſome authors indulge them.

He was author or publiſher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He anſwered all Dryden's political poems! and being cried up on one ſide, ſucceeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empreſs of Morocco [the firſt that was ever printed with cuts.] "Upon this he grew inſolent, the Wits writ againſt his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In ſhort, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town but the Univerſity of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger ſort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.

Oh born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages through old Monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall, in the centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:
Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

Aſcend

REMARKS.

Ver. 50. Might from Bœotian, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greateſt Poets and one of the greateſt Generals of Greece:

"Bœotum craſſo jurares aëre natum." Horat.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her fable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!
Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long Wall the wandering Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
Thence to the ſouth extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe,
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Phyſic of the Soul.

How

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 73. in the former Ed.

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science at a birth begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that Line of the Introduction,

In eldeſt times, ere Mortals writ or read,

which ſuppoſes the ſun and ſcience did not ſet out together, it was altered to "their bright courſe begun." But this ſlip, as uſual, eſcaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the ſame who built the great wall between China and Tartary, deſtroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.

Ver.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mœotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric; and Attila's dread name!
See, the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thundering againſt heathen lore;

Her

REMARKS.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, cauſed his General to burn the Ptolomæan Library, on the gates of which was this Inſcription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Phyſic of the Soul.

Ver. 96. (The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore) Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where Letters are ſaid to have been invented. In theſe countries Mahomet began his conqueſts.

Ver. 102. thundering againſt heathen lore:] A ſtrong inſtance of this pious rage is placed to Pope

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And even th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn,
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods:
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his pagan horn;
See

REMARKS.

Gregory's account. John of Saliſbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the ſame time that he mentions one of the ſtrangeſt effects of this exceſs of zeal in him: "Doctor ſanctiſſimus ille Gregorius, qui mel-"leo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ec-"cleſiam; non modo Matheſin juſſit ab aula, ſed, ut "traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis "ſcripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo." And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothe-"cam combuſſiſſe gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gra-"tior eſſet locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia ſtu-"dioſior." Deſiderius, Archbiſhop of Vienna, was ſharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; becauſe (ſays this Pope) "In uno ſe ore cum Jovis laudibus Chriſti laudes "non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque ſit Epiſco-"pis canere quod nec Laico religioſo conveniat, ipſe "conſidera." He is ſaid, among the reſt, to have burned Livy; "Quia in ſuperſtitionibus et ſacris Roma-"norum perpetuo verſatur." The ſame Pope is accuſed by Voſſius, and others, of having cauſed the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be deſtroyed, leſt thoſe who came to Rome ſhould give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict.

Ver.

See graceleſs Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
Behold yon' Iſle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod.
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-wolſey brothers,
Grave Mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That one was Britain—Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace, great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſt age
Oh ſpread thy Influence, but reſtrain thy Rage.
And ſee, my ſon! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
This favourite Iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like ſhe gathers to her wings again.

Now

REMARKS.

Ver. 109. Till Peter's keys ſome chriſten'd Jove adorn,] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for ſome time exerted in demoliſhing the heathen Temples and Statues, ſo that the Goths ſcarce deſtroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than theſe out of devotion. At length they ſpared ſome of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and ſome of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought neceſſary to change the ſtatues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre eaſily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.

Ver. 117, 118. Happy! had Eaſter never been!] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Eaſter.

Now look through Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious fight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye
In homage to the Mother of the ſky,
Surveys around her, in the bleſt abode,
An hundred ſons, and every ſon a God:
Not with leſs glory mighty Dulneſs crown'd
Shall take through Grubſtreet her triumphant round;
And, her Parnaſſus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred ſons, and each a Dunce.
Mark firſt that youth who takes the foremoſt place,
And thruſts his perſon full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues bleſt, be born!
And a new Cibber ſhall the ſtage adorn.
A ſecond ſee, by meeker manners known,
And modeſt as the maid that ſips alone;
From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! ſhall ſing in thee.

Thee

REMARKS.

Ver. 126. Dove-like, ſhe gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.

Ver. 128. What aids, what armies to aſſert her cauſe!] i. e. Of Poets, Antiquaries, Critics, Divines, Free-thinkers. But as this Revolution is only here ſet on foot by the firſt of theſe Claſſes, the Poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the Care and Review of this Collegue of Dulneſs, the Laureat. The others, who finiſh the great work, are reſerved for the fourth book, where the Goddeſs herſelf appears in full Glory.

Thee ſhall each Alehouſe, thee each Gillhouſe mourn,
And anſwering Gin-ſhops ſourer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law. 150

Lo

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149. in the firſt Edit. it was,

Woolſton, the ſcourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of Law!

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;] "This Gentleman is ſon of a conſiderable Maſ-"ter of Romſey in Southamptonſhire, and bred to the "Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who, between "his more laborious ſtudies, has diverted himſelf with "Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their "works, which has occaſioned him to try his genius "that way—He has writ in proſe the Lives of the Poets, "Eſſays, and a great many Law books, The Accom-"pliſhed Conveyancer, Modern Juſtice, &c. GILES JACOB of himſelf, Lives of Poets, vol. 1. He very groſsly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. Gay.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.]

There may ſeem ſome error in theſe verſes, Mr. Jacob having proved our Author to have a Reſpect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a Regard "for my Judgment; otherwiſe he never would have "ſubſcribed two Guineas to me, for one ſmall book in "octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I ſhould think the appellation of Blunderbuſs to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

Lo

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 151, 152. Lo, P—p—le's brow, &c.] In the former Edit. thus,

Lo, next two ſlip-ſhod Muſes traipſe along,
In lofty madneſs, meditating ſong,
With treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd, but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

REMARKS.

Mr. Dennis argues the ſame way. "My writings "having made great impreſſion on the minds of all "ſenſible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of "his Repentance, ſubſcribed to my two volumes of ſe-"leſt Works, and afterwards to my two Volumes of "Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We ſhould hence believe, the Name of Mr. Dennis hath alſo crept into this poem by ſome miſtake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou may'ſt beware, when thou giveſt thy money to ſuch Authors, not to flatter thyſelf that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity.

Ver. 152. Horneck and Roome] Theſe two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece, the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in Honour and Employment. The firſt was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingſgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where by malicious Inuendoes, he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each Cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each Songſter, Riddler, every nameleſs name,
All croud, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to Fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;

Some,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 155, 156, are added ſince the firſt Ed.

Ver. 157. Each Songſter, Riddler, &c.] In the former Ed.
Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameleſs name.

After ver. 158. in the firſt Ed. followed,
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

REMARKS.

ſecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes, as dull as other folks!
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—le was the author of ſome vile Plays and Pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our author in a Paper called the Prompter.

Ver. 153. Goode,] an ill-natured Critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, called The mock Æſop, and many anonymous Libels in News-papers for hire.

Ver. 156. Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:] There were ſeveral ſucceſſions of theſe ſorts of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c. ſinging the praiſe of the Annuals flouriſhing for that ſeaſon; whoſe names indeed would be nameleſs, and therefore the Poet flurs them over with others in general.

Some, free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curll.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!

Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, Beer;
Though ſtale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, though not full.

Ah

VARIATION.

Ver. 168. In former Ed.—and Durgen may be read.

REMARKS.

Ver. 165. Ralph] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our author till he writ a ſwearing piece called Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his, intitled, Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of Engliſh Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ without "rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

Ver.

Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?

Block-

REMARKS.

Ver. 168. Morris,] Beſaleel. See Book ii.

Ver. 169. Flow, Welſted, &c.] Of this author ſee the Remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welſted had, in his youth, raiſed ſo great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of ſtruggle between the moſt eminent of the two Univerſities, which ſhould have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having paſſed ſome time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whoſe encouragement he acknowledged in his occaſional poems, in a manner that will make no ſmall part of the Fame of his protectors. It alſo appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the preſent age—Encouraged by ſuch a Combination in his favour, he—publiſhed a book of poems, ſome in the Ovidian, ſome in the Horatian manner; in both which the moſt Exquiſite Judges pronounce he even rival'd his maſters—His love-verſes have reſcued that way of writing from contempt—In his tranſlations, he has given us the very ſoul and ſpirit of his author. His Ode—his Epiſtle—his Verſes—his Love-tale—all, are the moſt perfect things in all poetry. WELSTED of himſelf, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, page 23, 24. It ſhould not be forgot for his honour, that he received at one time the ſum of five hundred pounds for ſecret ſervice, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymouſly for the miniſtry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742.

Ver.

Blockheads with reaſon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.

Em-

REMARKS.

Ver. 173. Ah Dennis! Gildon ah!] Theſe men became the public ſcorn by a mere miſtake of their talents. They would needs turn critics of their own country writers (juſt as Ariſtotle and Longinus did of theirs) and diſcourſe upon the beauties and defects of compoſition:

How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
The Body's harmony, the beaming ſoul.

Whereas had they followed the Example of thoſe microſcopes of wit, Kuſter, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticiſm on the learned Languages, their acuteneſs and induſtry might have raiſed them a name equal to the moſt famous of the Scholiaſts. We cannot therefore but lament the late Apoſtacy of the Prebendary of Rocheſter, who beginning in ſo good a train, has now turned ſhort to write comments on the FIRE-SIDE, and DREAMS upon Shakeſpeare; where we find the ſpirit of Oldmixon, Gildon, and Dennis, all revived in his belaboured Obſervations. SCRIBL.

Here Scriblerus, in this affair of the FIRE-SIDE, I want thy uſual candour. It is true Mr. Upton did write notes upon it, but with all the honour and good faith in the world. He took it to be a Panegyric on his Patron. This it is to have to do with wits; a commerce unworthy a Scholiaſt of ſo ſolid learning. ARIST.

Ver. 173. Ah, Dennis, &c.] The reader, who has ſeen through the courſe of theſe notes, what a conſtant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he ſhould be mentioned but twice, and ſo ſlightly touched, in this poem. But in

Embrace, embrace, my ſons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics gore.
Behold yon Pair, in ſtrict embraces join'd;
How like in Manners, and how like in mind!
Equal

VARIATION.

After ver. 180. in many Editions, ſtood,

Fam'd for Good-nature, Burnet, and for truth;
Ducket for pious paſſion to the youth.

REMARKS.

in truth he looked upon him with ſome eſteem, for having (more generouſly than all the reſt) ſet his Name to ſuch writings. He was alſo a very old man at this time. By his own account of himſelf in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he muſt have been above threeſcore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was ſenior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longeſt bodily life.

Ver. 179. Behold yon Pair, &c.] One of theſe was Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concerned in another called Paſquin, in which Mr. Pope was abuſed with the Duke of Buckingham, and Biſhop of Rocheſter. They alſo joined in a piece againſt his firſt undertaking to tranſlate the Iliad, intituled, Homerides, by Sir Iliad Doggrel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of theſe Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours diſcouraged him from purſuing his ſtudies. How few good works had ever appeared (ſince men of true merit are always the leaſt preſuming) had there been always ſuch champions to ſtifle them in their conception? And were it not better for the public, that a million of monſters ſhould come into the world, which are ſure to die as ſoon as born, than that the ſerpents ſhould ſtrangle one Hercules in his Cradle?

The

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Paſquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they ſhare,
That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.
" But who is he, in cloſet cloſe y-pent,
" Of ſober face, with learned duſt beſprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myſter wight,
On parchment ſcraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulneſs laſt,
As thou preſerv'ſt the dulneſs of the paſt!
There,

REMARKS.

The union of theſe two authors gave occaſion to this Epigram:

" Burnet and Ducket, friends in ſpite,
" Came hiſſing out in verſe;
" Both were ſo forward, each would write,
" So dull, each hung an A——.
" Thus Amphiſbœna (I have read)
" At either end aſſails;
" None knows which leads or which is led,
" For both heads are but Tails."

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of theſe two perſons, whoſe injury to him was of ſo old a date.

Ver. 184. That ſhines a Conſul, this Commiſſioner.] Such places were given at this time to ſuch ſort of Writers.

Ver. 187. myſter wight,] Uncouth mortal.

Ver. 188. Wormius hight.] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much leſs (as it was unwarrantably foiſted into the ſurreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary publiſhed many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment peruſed.

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
History her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishoneſt sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

How

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197. in the first Edit. it was,

And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

REMARKS.

Ver. 192. Wits, who, like owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were Libraries out of Order.

Ver. 199. lo! Henley stands, &c.] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1. published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-"Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish "school he went to St. John's College in Cambridge.

"He

How fluent nonſenſe trickles from his tongue!
How ſweet the periods, neither ſaid, nor ſung!

Still

REMARKS.

"He began there to be uneaſy; for it ſhocked him to "find he was commanded to believe againſt his own "judgment in points of Religion, Philoſophy, &c. for "his genius leading him freely to diſpute all propoſi-"tions, and call all points to account, he was impa-"tient under thoſe fetters of the free-born mind.—Be-"ing admitted to Prieſt's orders, he found the examin-"ation very ſhort and ſuperficial, and that it was not ne-"ceſſary to conform to the Chriſtian religion, in order "either to Deaconſhip or Prieſthood." He came to town, and, after having for ſome years been a writer for Bookſellers, he had an ambition to be ſo for Mini-ſters of State. The only reaſon he did not riſe in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a "diſreliſh entertained of him, becauſe he was not qua-"lified to be a complete Spaniel." However, he offered the ſervice of his pen to two great men, of opinions and intereſts directly oppoſite; by both of whom being re-jected, he ſet up a new Project, and ſtyled himſelf the Reſtorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as "lawful to take a licence from the King and Parlia-"ment in one place, as another; at Hickes's Hall, as "at Doctor's Commons; ſo ſet up his Oratory in New-"port-market, Butcher-row. There (ſays his friend) "he had the aſſurance to form a plan, which no mortal "ever thought of; he had ſucceſs againſt all oppoſi-"tion; challenged his adverſaries to fair diſputations, "and none would diſpute with him; writ, read, and "ſtudied twelve hours a day; compoſed three diſſerta-"tions a week on all ſubjects; undertook to teach in "one year what ſchools and univerſities teach in five; "was not terrified by menaces, inſults, or ſatires, but "ſtill proceeded, matured his bold ſcheme, and put the "Church,

Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ſtrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibſon, preach in vain.
Oh great Reſtorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.

Yet

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 204. In former Ed.
While K**, B**, W**, preach in vain.
After ver. 212, followed, in former Ed.
Here too, great Woolſton! here exalt thy throne,
And prove, no miracles can match thy own.

REMARKS.

"Church, and all that in danger." WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Tranſact. N. 1.

After having ſtood ſome Proſecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonry upon all public and private occurrences. All this paſſed in the ſame room; where ſometimes he broke jeſts, and ſometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Euchariſt.—This wonderful perſon ſtruck Medals, which he diſperſed as Tickets to his ſubſcribers: the device, a ſtar riſing to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a-year given him for the ſecret ſervice of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonſenſe, called the Hyp-Doctor.

Ver. 204. Sherlock, Hare, Gibſon,] Biſhops of Saliſbury, Chicheſter, and London; whoſe Sermons and

Yet oh, my ſons, a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preſerve the years you lend)
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:

But

VARIATION.

Ver. 216. In former Ed. — or a Seraph's flame.

REMARKS.

Paſtoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ſtations.

Ver. 212. Of Toland, and Tindal, ſee Book ii. Tho. Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote in a moſt inſolent ſtyle againſt the Miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1726, &c.

Ver. 213. Yet oh, my ſons, &c.] The caution againſt Blaſphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulneſs to his yet exiſting brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderneſs to the ears of others, but their own. And ſo we ſee that when that danger is removed, on the open eſtabliſhment of the Godleſs in the fourth book, ſhe encourages her ſons, and they beg aſſiſtance to pollute the Source of Light itſelf, with the ſame virulence they had before done the pureſt emanations from it.

Ver. 215. 'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A NEWTON'S genius, or a Milton's flame:]
Thankfully received, and freely uſed, is this gracious licence by the beloved diſciple of that Prince of Cabaliſtic dunces, the tremendous Hutchinſon. Hear with what honeſt plainneſs he treateth our great Geometer. "As to mathematical demonſtration (ſaith he) "founded upon the proportions of lines and circles to "each other, and the ringing of changes upon figures, "theſe have no more to do with the greateſt part of "philoſophy, than they have with the Man in the Moon. "Indeed,

But oh! with One, immortal One, diſpenſe,
The Source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Senſe.
Content each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inſpires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are given for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye DUNCES! not to ſcorn your God."

Thus

REMARKS.

"Indeed, the Zeal for this ſort of Gibberiſh [mathe-
"matical Principles] is greatly abated of late: and
"though it is now upwards of twenty years that the
"Dagon of modern Philoſophers, SIR ISAAC NEW-
"TON, has lain with his face upon the ground before
"the Ark of God, Scripture philoſophy; for ſo long
"MOSES's PRINCIPIA have been publiſhed; and the
"Treatiſe of Power Eſſential and Mechanical, in which
"Sir Iſaac Newton's Philoſophy is treated with the UT-
"MOST CONTEMPT, has been publiſhed a dozen years;
"yet is there not one of the whole ſociety who hath had
"the COURAGE to attempt to raiſe him up. And ſo
"let him lie."—The philoſophical principles of Moſes
aſſerted, &c. p. 2. by JULIUS BATE, A. M. Chaplain
to the Right Honourable the Earl of Harrington. Lon-
don 1744, octavo. SCRIBL.

Ver. 224. But, "Learn ye Dunces! not to ſcorn
your God."] The hardeſt leſſon a Dunce can learn.
For being bred to ſcorn what he does not underſtand,
that which he underſtands leaſt he will be apt to ſcorn
moſt. Of which, to the diſgrace of all Government,
and (in the Poet's opinion) even of that of DULNESS
herſelf, we have had a late example in a book in-
titled, Philoſophical Eſſays concerning human Under-
ſtanding.

Thus he, for then a ray of Reaſon ſtole
Half through the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulneſs and her Sons admire!
See what the charms, that ſmite the ſimple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy'd);
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable Sorcerer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, Gorgons hiſs, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants ruſh to war.
Hell

VARIATION.

Ver. 231, 232. Added when the Hero was changed.

REMARKS.

Ver. 224. —not to ſcorn your God."] See this ſubject purſued in Book iv.

Ver. 232. (Not half ſo pleas'd, when Goodman propheſy'd.)] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149. that Goodman being at the rehearſal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the ſhoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.— "And (ſays Mr. Cibber) I make it a queſtion, whether "Alexander himſelf, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden, "when at the head of their firſt victorious armies, could "feel a greater tranſport in their boſoms than I did in "mine."

Ver. 233. a ſable Sorcerer] Dr. Fauſtus, the ſubject of a ſet of Farces, which laſted in vogue two or three ſeaſons, in which both Playhouſes ſtrove to outdo each other for ſome years. All the extravagancies in the ſixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by perſons of the firſt quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.
Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What power, he cries, what power theſe wonders wrought?
Son; what thou ſeek'ſt is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monſter meets his likeneſs in thy mind.
Yet would'ſt thou more! In yonder cloud behold,
Whoſe ſarſenet ſkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchleſs Youth! his nod theſe worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulneſs, ſent to ſcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaſſic ground:
Yon

REMARKS.

Ver. 237. Hell riſes, Heaven deſcends, and dance on Earth:] This monſtrous abſurdity was actually repreſented in Tibbald's Rape of Proſerpine.

Ver. 248. Lo! one vaſt Egg] In another of theſe Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the ſtage, out of a large egg.

Yon ſtars, yon ſuns, he rears at pleaſure higher,
Illumes their light, and ſets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he ſits at eaſe
'Midſt ſnows of paper, and fierce hail of peaſe;
And, proud his Miſtreſs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ſtorm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards riſe; I ſee my Cibber there!

Booth

VARIATION.

Ver. 266. In former Ed.
New wizards riſe: here Booth, and Cibber there.

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. Immortal Rich!] Mr. John Rich, Maſter of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the firſt that excelled this way.

Ver. 266. I ſee my Cibber there!] The hiſtory of the foregoing abſurdities is verified by himſelf, in theſe words, (Life, chap. xv.) "Then ſprung forth that "ſucceſſion of monſtrous medleys that have ſo long "infeſted the ſtage, which aroſe upon one another al-"ternately at both houſes, out-vying each other in ex-"pence." He then proceeds to excuſe his own part in them, as follows: "If I am aſked why I aſſented? I "have no better excuſe for my error than to confeſs I "did it againſt my conſcience, and had not virtue "enough to ſtarve. Had Henry IV. of France a better "for changing his Religion? I was ſtill in my heart, "as much as he could be, on the ſide of Truth and "Senſe; but with this difference, that I had their "leave to quit them when they could not ſupport me. "But let the queſtion go which way it will, Harry IVth "has always been allowed a great man." This muſt be confeſſed a full anſwer; only the queſtion ſtill ſeems to

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? Theſe wonders are thy own.

Theſe

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 268. —Cibber mounts the wind.

After ver. 274. in the former Ed. followed,

For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell,
"None but thyſelf can be thy parallel."

Var. None but thyſelf can be thy parallel.] A marvellous line of Theobald; unleſs the Play called the Double Falſehood be (as he would have it believed) Shakeſpeare's: But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakeſpeare to have written as bad, which methinks in an author, for whom he has a Veneration almoſt riſing to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,

"Try what Repentance can: what can it not?
"But what can it, when one cannot repent?
"—For Cogitation
"Reſides not in the man who does not think, &c."

Mist's Journ.

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakeſpeare.

REMARKS.

to be, 1. How the doing a thing againſt one's conſcience is an excuſe for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Senſe to quit their ſervice, unleſs he can produce a certificate that he ever was in it.

Theſe Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but ah; withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
Though my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal Praiſe,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific Mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes:

Yet

VARIATION.

After ver. 284. in the former Ed. followed,

Different our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.
'Tis the ſame rope of ſeveral ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs, Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.

REMARKS.

Ver. 266, 267. Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in Drury-lane.

Ver. 268. On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.] In his Letter to Mr. P. Mr. C. ſolemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope therefore the reader will underſtand it allegorically only.

Ver. 282. Annual trophies on the Lord-Mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery ground.

Ver. 283. Though long my party] Settle, like moſt Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the Character of a popiſh ſucceſſor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other ſide. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounſlow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartho-

Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.
Avert it, heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'ſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy Poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome Dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And every year be duller than the laſt,

Till

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 290. In former Ed.
In the Dog's tail his progreſs ends at laſt.

Ver. 295. Safe in its heavineſs, &c.] in the former Ed.
Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray;
And lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thy Dragons, Magiſtrates and Peers ſhall taſte,
And from each ſhew riſe duller than the laſt.
Till rais'd from booths, &c.

REMARKS.

Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at laſt taken into the Charter-houſe, and there died, aged ſixty years.

Ver. 297. Thee ſhall the patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,] It ſtood in the firſt edition with blanks, ** and

Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure fore-runner of her gentle ſway;
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heaven thou canſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:
Pluto

VARIATION.

Ver. 303—306. Added with the new Hero.

REMARKS.

and **. Concanen was ſure "they muſt needs mean "no body but King GEORGE and Queen CARO-"LINE; and ſaid he would inſiſt it was ſo, till the poet "cleared himſelf by filling up the blanks otherwiſe, "agreeably to the context, and conſiſtent with his alle-"giance." Pref. to a Collection of verſes, eſſays, letters, &c. againſt Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6.

Ver. 305. Polypheme] He tranſlated the Italian Opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately loſt the whole jeſt of the ſtory. The Cyclops aſks Ulyſſes his name, who tells him his name is Noman: After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire who has hurt him? he anſwers Noman: whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Tranſlator made Ulyſſes anſwer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himſelf on ſubſcribing to the Engliſh Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with reſpect to the Odyſſey, or he might have been better inſtructed in the Greek Punnology.

Pluto with Cato thou for this ſhalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proſerpine.
Grubſtreet! thy fall ſhould men and Gods conſpire,
Thy ſtage ſhall ſtand, enſure it but from Fire.
Another Æſchylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell ſpouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the Poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye Heroes, bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Auguſtus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following ſigns lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear.
See, ſee, our own true Phœbus wears thy bays!
Our Midas ſits Lord Chancellor of Plays!

On

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 313. See, ſee, our own, &c.] In the former Ed.
Beneath his reign, ſhall Euſden wear the bays,
Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of Plays,
Benſon ſole judge of Architecture ſit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for Wit!
I ſee th' unfiniſh'd Dormitory wall,
I ſee the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, tranſlating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days! &c.

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Ver. 308, 309. Fauſtus, Pluto, &c.] Names of miſerable Farces, which it was the cuſtom to act at the end of the beſt Tragedies, to ſpoil the digeſtion of the audience.

On Poets' Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ! 325
Lo! Ambroſe Philips is preferr'd for Wit!

See

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Ver. 312. enſure it but from Fire.] In Tibbald's farce of Proſerpine, a corn-field was ſet on fire: whereupon the other playhouſe had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the ſpectators. They alſo rivalled each other in ſhowing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Fauſtus.

Ver. 313. Another Æſchylus appears!] It is reported of Æſchylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were ſo terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miſcarried.

Ver. 325. On Poets Tombs ſee Benſon's titles writ!] W—m Benſon (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majeſty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their houſe and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint ſome other place to ſit in, while the houſe ſhould be taken down. But it being propoſed to cauſe ſome other builders firſt to inſpect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addreſs to the King againſt Benſon, for ſuch a miſrepreſentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then ſecretary, gave them an aſſurance that his Majeſty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built moſt of the Churches in London, laid the firſt ſtone of St. Paul's, and lived to finiſh it, had been diſplaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

Ver. 326. Ambroſe Philips] "He was (ſaith Mr. "JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a juſtice of "the peace:" But he hath ſince met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete art of Poetry,

vol.

See under Ripley riſe a new White-hall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with ſorrow to the grave deſcends,
Gay dies unpenſion'd with a hundred friends;
Hibernian

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vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confeſſes, he dares not ſet "him quite on the ſame foot with Virgil, leſt it ſhould "ſeem flattery, but he is much miſtaken if poſte-"rity does not afford him a greater eſteem than he at "preſent enjoys." He endeavoured to create ſome miſ-underſtanding between our Author and Mr. Addiſon, whom alſo ſoon after he abuſed as much. His conſtant cry was, that Mr. P. was an Enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very induſtriouſly ſpread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the Examiner: A falſehood well known to thoſe yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

Ver. 328. While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:] At the time when this poem was written, the banquetting-houſe of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerſet houſe, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years ſo neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been juſt then reſtored and beautified at the expence of the Earl of Burlington: who, at the ſame time, by his publication of the deſigns of that great Maſter and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taſte of Architecture in this Kingdom.

Ver. 330. Gay dies unpenſion'd, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in the friendſhip of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote ſeveral works of humour

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.

Proceed,

VARIATION.

Ver. 331. in the former Editions thus,

—O Swift! thy doom,

And Pope's, tranſlating ten whole years with Broome. On which was the following Note, "He concludes his "irony with a ſtroke upon himſelf: for whoever ima- "gines this a ſarcaſm on the other ingenious perſon, is "ſurely miſtaken. The opinion our Author had of "him was ſufficiently ſhewn by his joining him in the "undertaking of the Odyſſey; in which Mr. Broome, "having engaged without any previous agreement, diſ- "charged his part ſo much to Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, "that he gratified him with the full ſum of Five hun- "dred pounds, and a preſent of all thoſe books for "which his own intereſt could procure him ſubſcribers, "to the value of One hundred more. The author only "ſeems to lament, that he was employed in Tranſla- "tion at all."

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humour with great ſucceſs, the Shepherd's Week, Tri- via, the What d'ye-call it, Fables; and laſtly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of ſatire which hit all taſtes and degrees of men, from thoſe of the higheſt quality to the very rabble: That verſe of Horace:

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be ſo juſtly applied as to this. The vaſt ſucceſs of it was unprecedented, and almoſt incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient muſic or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were leſs followed and famous. It was acted in London ſixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next ſeaſon with equal applauſes. It ſpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more,
Till

REMARKS.

many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Briſtol fifty, &c. It made its progreſs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was laſt acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite ſongs of it in fans; and houſes were furniſhed with it in ſcreens. The perſon who acted Polly, till then obſcure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and ſold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verſes to her, publiſhed; and pamphlets made even of her ſayings and jeſts.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that ſeaſon, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demoliſhed by a ſingle ſtroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet ſo great was his modeſty, that he conſtantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil.

Ver. 332. And Pope's, ten years to comment and tranſlate.] The author here plainly laments that he was ſo long employed in tranſlating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finiſhed it in 1719. The edition of Shakeſpeare (which he undertook merely becauſe nobody elſe would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impreſſions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the Tranſlation of half the Odyſſey employed him from that time to 1725.

Ver. 333. Proceed, great days! &c.] It may perhaps ſeem incredible, that ſo great a Revolution in Learning

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and hear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the

Geniuſes of the Schools, who aſſure her of their care to advance her Cauſe by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Addreſs, and her gracious Anſwer; with her Charge to them and the Univerſities. The Univerſities appear by their proper Deputies, and aſſure her that the ſame method is obſerved in the progreſs of Education. The ſpeech of Ariſtarchus on this ſubject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddeſs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels: preſenting to her at the ſame time a young Nobleman perfectly accompliſhed. She receives him graciouſly, and endues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. She ſees loitering about her a number of Indolent Perſons abandoning all buſineſs and duty, and dying with lazineſs: To theſe approaches the Antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them Virtuoſos, and aſſign them over to him: But Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, ſhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: Amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt Curioſities in nature: but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned,

ed, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions, ſhe is ſecured by a hearty Addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The Youth, thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taſte the Cup of the Magus her High Prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her Adepts ſhe ſends Prieſts, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue: The Progreſs and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the Conſummation of all, in the Reſtoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep Intent.
Ye Powers! whoſe Myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your Force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote every Brain, and wither'd every Bay;
Sick

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This book may properly be diſtinguiſhed from the former, by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not ſo indeed in Size, but in ſubject; and ſo far contrary to the diſtinction anciently made of the Greater and Leſſer Iliad. But much are they miſtaken who imagine this Work in any wiſe inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itſelf was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed. BENT.

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himſelf a genuine Son, beginneth by ſhewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulneſs) his high reſpect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dead or dark ſoever: Next declareth his paſſion for explaining Myſteries; and laſtly his Impatience to be reunited to her. SCRIBL.

Ver. 2. dread Chaos, and eternal Night!] Invoked, as the Reſtoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem.

Sick was the Sun, the Owl forſook his bower,
The moon-ſtruck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.
She mounts the Throne; her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate ſon reclines.

Be-

REMARKS.

Ver. 14. To blot out Order, and extinguiſh Light] The two great Ends of her Miſſion; the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night. Order here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as Civil and Moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in Society, and true and falſe in Individuals: Light as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

Ver. 15. Of dull and venal] The Allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of Light or Science; venal to the deſtruction of Order, and the Truth of Things.

Ibid. a new World] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Diſſolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles.

Ver. 16. Lead and Gold,] i. e. dull and venal.

Ver. 20. her Laureate ſon reclines.] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that ſuch a Colleague as Dulneſs had elected, ſhould ſleep on the Throne, and have very little ſhare in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the

Beneath her foot-ſtool, Science groans in Chains,
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains,
There

REMARKS.

the day of his Anointing; having paſt through the ſecond book without taking part in any thing that was tranſacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well conſidered, to ſeem ſtrange in our days, when ſo many King-conſorts have done the like. SCRIBL.

This verſe our excellent Laureate took ſo to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as ſel-"dom aſleep as any fool!" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p. 243. of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he ſays, "the reader will be as much pleaſed to find me a "Dunce in my Old Age, as he was to prove me a briſk "blockhead in my Youth." Wherever there was any room for Briſkneſs, or Alacrity of any ſort, even in ſinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural reſt, he muſt permit his Hiſtorian to be ſilent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character, and Poets from their works: And if in thoſe he be as much aſleep as any fool, the Poet muſt leave him and them to ſleep to all eternity. BENTL.

Ibid. her Laureate] "When I find my Name in the "ſatirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it "as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himſelf. "For he conſiders that my Face is more known than "moſt in the nation; and therefore a Lick at the Lau-"reate will be a ſure bait ad captandum vulgus, to "catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their ſucceſs to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanſwerable Argument, that this.

Fourth

There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair Rhetoric languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and Caſuiſtry in Lawn,
Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathefis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,

Now

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Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's laſt hand, and was by him intended for the Preſs: Or elſe to what purpoſe hath he crowned it, as we ſee, by this finiſhing ſtroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureate? BENTL.

Ver. 21, 22. Beneath her foot-ſtool, &c.] We are next preſented with the pictures of thoſe whom the Goddeſs leads in Captivity. Science is only depreſſed and confined ſo as to be rendered uſeleſs; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, puniſhed, or driven away: Dulneſs being often reconciled in ſome degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be ſeen that ſhe admits ſomething like each Science, as Caſuiſtry, Sophiſtry, &c. but nothing like Wit, Opera alone ſupplying its place.

Ver. 30. gives her Page the word.] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was ſuffered to give a hundred miſerable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, and to allude to the cuſtom of ſtrangling State Criminals in Turkey by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

Now to pure Space lifts her extatic ſtare,
Now running round the Circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye;
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barbarous age.

There

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Ver. 39. But ſober Hiſtory] Hiſtory attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their ſubſtitutes in the diſcharge of their diſtinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and puniſhments of the great; the other in low, expoſing the vices or follies of the common people. But it may be aſked, How came Hiſtory and Satire to be admitted with impunity to miniſter comfort to the Muſes, even in the preſence of the Godeſs, and in the midſt of all her triumphs? A queſtion, ſays Scriblerus, which we thus reſolve: Hiſtory was brought up in her infancy by Dulneſs herſelf; but being afterwards eſpouſed into a noble houſe, ſhe forgot (as is uſual) the humility of her birth, and the cares of her early friends. This occaſioned a long eſtrangement between her and Dulneſs. At length, in proceſs of time, they met together, in a Monk's Cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this they had a ſecond quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reaſonable terms, and ſo are likely to continue. This accounts for the connivance ſhewn to Hiſtory on this occaſion. But the boldneſs of SATIRE ſprings from a very different cauſe; for the reader ought to know, that ſhe alone of all the ſiſters is unconquerable, never to be ſilenced, when truly inſpired and animated (as ſhould ſeem) from above, for this very purpoſe,

There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her Siſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.
When lo! a Harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aſide;

By

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purpoſe, to oppoſe the kingdom of Dulneſs to her laſt breath.

Ver. 43. Nor could'ſt thou, &c.] This Noble Perſon in the year 1737, when the Act aforeſaid was brought into the Houſe of Lords, oppoſed it in an excellent ſpeech (ſays Mr. Cibber) "with a lively ſpirit, and uncommon eloquence." This ſpeech had the honour to be anſwered by the ſaid Mr. Cibber, with a lively ſpirit alſo, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly inſert the other ſpeech, whereby thou mighteſt judge between them; but I muſt defer it on account of ſome differences not yet adjuſted between the noble Author, and myſelf, concerning the True Reading of certain paſſages. BENTL.

Ver. 45. When lo! a Harlot form] The Attitude given to this Phantom repreſents the nature and genius of the Italian Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate ſounds, and the practice of patching up theſe Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. Theſe things were ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of the Nobility. This circumſtance that OPERA ſhould prepare for the opening of the grand Seſſions, was propheſied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
"The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway."

By ſinging Peers up-held on either hand,
She trip'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand:
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo ſpoke.
O Cara! Cara! ſilence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:
Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One Trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the ſame notes thy ſons ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, Rebellion will commence,
If Muſic meanly borrows aid from Senſe:
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouze, to ſhake the Soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Ar-

REMARKS.

Ver. 54. Let Diviſion reign:] Alluding to the falſe taſte of playing tricks in Muſic with numberleſs diviſions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Senſe, and applies to the Paſſions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Inſtruments into the Orcheſtra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved ſo much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Muſic into Ireland. After which they were reduced, for want of Compoſers, to practiſe the patch-work abovementioned.

Arreſt him, Empreſs, or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian ſhore.
And now had Fame's poſterior Trumpet blown,
And all the nations ſummon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure Attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of Head:
None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing Bees about their duſky Queen.
The gathering number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and ſtruggling leſs and leſs,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confeſs.
Not thoſe alone who paſſive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cauſe.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be obſerved that here are three claſſes in this aſſembly. The firſt of men abſolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddeſs, and are imagined in the ſimile of the Bees about their Queen. The ſecond involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of ſuch, as though not members of her ſtate, yet advance her ſervice by flattering Dulneſs, cultivating miſtaken talents, patroniſing vile ſcribblers, diſcouraging living merit, or ſetting up for wits, and Men of taſte in arts they underſtand not; from ver. 91 to 101.

Whate'er of mungril no one claſs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor abſent they, no members of her ſtate,
Who pay her homage in her ſons, the Great;
Who, falſe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call,
Patrons, who ſneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penſion, and ſet up the head;
Or veſt dull Flattery in the ſacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (laſt and worſe) with all the cant of wit,
Without the ſoul, the Muſes Hypocrit.
There march'd the bard and blockhead ſide by ſide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciſſus, prais'd with all a Parſon's power,
Look'd a white lily ſunk beneath a ſhower.
There mov'd Montalto with ſuperior air;
His ſtretch'd-out arm diſplay'd a Volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he paſs'd, and bow'd from ſide to ſide:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ſtood, bold Benſon thruſt him by:

On

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Ver. 108.—bow'd from ſide to ſide:] As being of no one party.

Ver. 110. bold Benſon] This man endeavoured to raiſe himſelf to Fame by erecting monuments, ſtriking coins, ſetting up heads, and procuring tranſlations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great a paſſion for Arthur Johnſton, a Scotch Phyſician's Verſion of the Pſalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſton's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the ponderous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs ſmiling,—"Thus revive the Wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new Edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard-Authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious, as more hack'd and torn.
And

VARIATION.

Ver. 114.
What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for Shakeſpeare's page?

REMARKS.

Ver. 113. The decent Knight] An eminent perſon who was about to publiſh a very pompous Edition of a great Author at his own expence.

Ver. 115, &c.] Theſe four lines were printed in a ſeparate leaf by Mr. Pope in the laſt Edition, which he himſelf gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shakeſpeare ſhould be publiſhed.

Ver. 119. Thus revive, &c.] The Goddeſs applauds the practice of tacking the obſcure names of Perſons not eminent in any branch of Learning, to thoſe of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Writers; either by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former inſtances; or by ſetting up Monuments diſgraced with their own vile names and inſcriptions, as in the latter.

And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light through holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;
But ſpread my ſons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each Bard, an Alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every Wit,
And

REMARKS.

Ver. 128. A Page, a Grave,] For what leſs than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what leſs than a Page can be allowed a living one!

Ver. 128. A Page,] Pagina, not Pediſſequus. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant: no Poet having had a Page ſince the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. SCRIBL.

Ver. 131. So by each Bard an Alderman, &c.] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Weſtmonaſterienſis.

Ibid.—an Alderman ſhall ſit,] Alluding to the Monument erected for Butler by Alderman Barber.

Ver. 132. A heavy Lord ſhall hang at every Wit,] How unnatural an Image, and how ill ſupported! ſaith Ariſtarchus. Had it been,

A heavy Wit ſhall hang at every Lord,

ſomething might have been ſaid, in an Age ſo diſtinguiſhed for well-judging Patrons. For LORD, then, read LOAD; that is, of Debts here, and of Commentaries hereafter. To this purpoſe, conſpicuous is the caſe of the poor Author of Hudibras, whoſe body, long ſince weighed down to the Grave by a load of Debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of Commentaries laid upon his Spirit; wherein the Editor has atchieved more than Virgil himſelf, when he turned Critic, could boaſt of, which was only, that he had picked gold out

And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide.
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt Addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand;

His

REMARKS.

of another man's dung; whereas the Editor has picked it out of his own. SCRIBL.

Ariſtarchus thinks the common reading right: and that the author himſelf had been ſtruggling, and but juſt ſhaken off his Load when he wrote the following Epigram:

"My Lord complains, that Pope, ſtark mad with
"gardens,
"Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
"But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
"And if he'll viſit me, I'll wave my right.
"What? on Compulſion? and againſt my Will,
"A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill."

Ver. 137, 138.

Dunce ſcorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop ſhews Fop ſuperior complaiſance.]

This is not to be aſcribed ſo much to the different manners of a Court and College, as to the different effects which a pretence to Learning, and a pretence to Wit, have on Blockheads. For as Judgment conſiſts in finding out the differences in things, and Wit in finding out their likeneſſes, ſo the Dunce is all diſcord and diſſenſion, and conſtantly buſied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c. while the Fop flouriſhes in peace, with Songs and Hymns of praiſe, Addreſſes, Characters, Epithalamiums, &c.

Ver.

His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er every vein a ſhuddering horror runs;
Eaton and Winton ſhake through all their Sons.
All Fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.

Then thus, Since Man from Beaſt by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.
To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of Senſe,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the firſt day, he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very Poet ſtill.

Pity!

REMARKS.

Ver. 140. the dreadful wand;] A cane uſually borne by Schoolmaſters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.

Ver. 151. like the Samian letter,] The letter Y uſed by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Perſ.

Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM every Muſe gave o'er,
There TALBOT ſunk, and was a Wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in PULTENEY loſt!
Elſe ſure ſome Bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Maſter-piece of Man.
Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bleſs the land again;
To ſtick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Se-

REMARKS.

Ver. 174. that Maſter-piece of Man.] Viz. an Epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics ſay, "An Epic poem is the greateſt "work human nature is capable of."

Ver. 176. Some gentle JAMES, &c.] Wilſon tells us that this King, James the Firſt, took upon himſelf to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerſet; and that Gondomar the Spaniſh Ambaſſador would ſpeak falſe Latin to him, on purpoſe to give him the pleaſure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himſelf into his good graces.

This great Prince was the firſt who aſſumed the title of Sacred Majeſty, which his loyal Clergy transferred from God to him. "The Principles of Paſſive Obe-"dience and Non-reſiſtance (ſays the Author of the "Diſſertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his "time had ſkulked perhaps in ſome old Homily, were "talked, written, and preached into vogue in that in-"glorious reign."

Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For ſure, if Dulneſs ſees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the ſhade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a King;
That which my Prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long,
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Though Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As

REMARKS.

Ver. 194. Though Chriſt-church, &c.] This line is doubtleſs ſpurious, and foiſted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it in between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulneſs in its whole body. BENTL.

Ver. 196. ſtill expelling Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading of it. See his Letters in the laſt Edit.

As many quit the ſtreams that murmuring fall
To lull the ſons of Margaret and Clare-hall,

Where

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Ver. 198. On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.] There ſeems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houſes ſhall ride on horſeback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But theſe are horſes of great ſtrength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifeſt; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with Names, as were the horſes Pegaſus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.

Though I have the greateſt deference to the penetration of this eminent Scholiaſt, and muſt own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juſter than that rule of criticiſm, which directs us to keep to the literal ſenſe, when no apparent abſurdity accompanies it (and ſure there is no abſurdity in ſuppoſing a Logician on horſeback), yet ſtill I muſt needs think the Hackneys here celebrated were not real Horſes, nor even Centaurs, which, for the ſake of the learned Chiron, I ſhould rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though Logicians: and only thus metamorphoſed by a rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "Un Eſprit peſant, "lourd, ſans ſubtilité, ni gentilleſſe, UN GROSS CHE-"VAL D'ALLEMAGNE."

Here I profeſs to go oppoſite to the whole ſtream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græciſm in this repreſentation; for in that language the word ἵππος [Horſe] was often prefixed to others, to denote greatneſs of ſtrength; as ἱππολάπαθος, ἱππόγλωσσον, ἱππομάρεθρον, and particularly ΙΠΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoiſſeur, which comes neareſt to the caſe in hand. SCIP. MAFF.

Ver.

Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark:
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aſide.
Low bow'd the reſt: He, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both Man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
The mighty Scholiaſt, whoſe unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.

Turn

REMARKS.

Ver. 199. the ſtreams] The river Cam, running by the walls of theſe Colleges, which are particularly famous for their ſkill in Diſputation.

Ver. 202. ſleeps in Port.] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempeſts that had long agitated his ſociety." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei underſtands it of a certain Wine called Port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this Profeſſor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. De Compotationibus Academicis. [And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the ſagacious Annotator on Dr. King's "Advice to Horace."]

Ver. 210. Ariſtarchus.] A famous Commentator and Corrector of Homer, whoſe name has been frequently uſed to ſignify a complete Critic. The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Profeſſor, in applying to him ſo great a Name, was the reaſon that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praiſes. We ſhall therefore ſupply that loſs to our beſt ability. Scribl.

Turn what they will to Verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it Proſe again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author or ſomething yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſputes of Me or Te, or Aut or At,

To

REMARKS.

Ver. 214. Critics like me—] Alluding to two famous Editions of Horace and Milton; whoſe richeſt veins of Poetry he had prodigally reduced to the pooreſt and moſt beggarly proſe.—Verily the learned ſcholiaſt is grievouſly miſtaken. Ariſtarchus is not boaſting here of the wonders of his art in annihilating the ſublime; but of the uſefulneſs of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper claſs; the words make it proſe again, plainly ſhewing that proſe it was, though aſhamed of its original, and therefore to proſe it ſhould return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dulneſs doth not confine her critics to this uſeful taſk; and commiſſion them to diſmount what Ariſtophanes calls Ρημαθ' ἱπποβάμονα. all proſe on horſe-back. SCRIBL.

Ver. 216. Author of ſomething yet more great than Letter;] Alluding to thoſe Grammarians, ſuch as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented ſingle letters. But Ariſtarchus, who had found out a double one, was therefore worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.

Ver. 217, 218. While towering o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our Digamma,] Alludes to the boaſted reſtoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it ſomething more than Letter, from the enormous figure it would

make

To ſound or ſink in cano O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:

For

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make among the other letters, being one Gamma ſet upon the ſhoulders of another.

Ver. 220. of Me or Te,] It was a ſerious diſpute, about which the learned were much divided, and ſome treatiſes written: Had it been about Meum and Tuum it could not be more conteſted, than whether at the end of the firſt Ode of Horace, to read, Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium, or, Te doctarum hederæ.—By this the learned ſcholiaſt would ſeem to inſinuate that the diſpute was not about Meum and Tuum, which is a Miſtake: For, as a venerable ſage obſerveth, Words are the counters of Wiſemen, but the money of fools; ſo that we ſee their property was indeed concerned.

SCRIBL.

Ver. 222. Or give up Cicero to C or K.] Grammatical diſputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a diſpute whether in Latin the name of Hermogoras ſhould end in as or a. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and ſays Quintilian muſt be miſtaken, Cicero could not write it ſo, and that in this caſe he would not believe Cicero himſelf. Theſe are his very words: Ego vero Ciceronem ita ſcripſiſſe ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.—Epiſt. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.

Ver. 223, 224. Freind—Alſop] Dr. Robert Freind, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church

For Attic Phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient Senſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiaſts o'er and o'er,
The critic Eye, that microſcope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole;
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea.
  Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod,
Thine is the genuine Head of many a houſe,
And much Divinity without a Nec.

Nor

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church—Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle.

Ver. 226. Manilius and Solinus] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have choſen the worſe author, the more freely to diſplay their critical capacity.

Ver. 228. &c. Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus] The firſt a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute Critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

Nor could a BARROW work on every block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY ſpoil'd the flock.
See! ſtill thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphyſic ſmokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
What though we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run through every ſchool?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with Diſpute, or perſecute with Rhyme.
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or ſet on Metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame CEMENT, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.

Then

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Ver. 245, 246. Barrow, Atterbury] Iſaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church, both great Geniuſes and eloquent Preachers; one more converſant in the ſublime Geometry, the other in claſſical Learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their ſeveral Societies.

Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.
Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſay,
But, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering puſh'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The firſt came forwards, with as eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.

When

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Ver. 272. lac'd Governor] Why laced? Becauſe Gold and Silver are neceſſary trimming to denote the dreſs of a perſon of rank, and the Governor muſt be ſuppoſed ſo in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Ariſtarchus to know at ſight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat.

SCRIBL.

Ibid. Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor ſhould have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he ſo placed, it might be thought to inſinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore; and were the Pupil placed firſt, he might be ſuppoſed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their picture, repreſents them in the order in which they are generally ſeen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore firſt, as ſhe uſually governs both the other.

Ver.

When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The Sire ſaw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the bleſſing of a Rake.

Thou

REMARKS.

Ver. 280. As if he ſaw St. James's] Reflecting on the diſreſpectful and indecent Behaviour of ſeveral forward young perſons in the preſence, ſo offenſive to all ſerious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

Ver. 281. th' attendant Orator] The Governor aboveſaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I preſume, to offend or to do injuſtice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to ſo many who equally deſerve it. SCRIBL.

Ver. 284. A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God] i. e. Brought up in the enlarged principles of modern Education; whoſe great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing ſpirit unbroken by terrifying Names. Amongſt the happy conſequences of this reformed diſcipline, it is not the leaſt, that we have never afterwards any occaſion for the Prieſt, whoſe trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finiſh what the nurſe began. SCRIBL.

Ver. 286.—the bleſſing of a Rake.] Scriblerus is here much at a loſs to find out what this bleſſing ſhould be. He is ſometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying a great fortune: but this, again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as ſomething uncommon ſeemed to be prayed for. And after many ſtrange Conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair ſex, he at length reſts

Thou gav'ſt that Ripeneſs, which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Through School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew:
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:
To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at Great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Iſles of Fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:

To

REMARKS.

reſts in this, that it was, that her ſon might paſs for a wit; in which opinion he fortifies himſelf by ver. 316. where the Orator, ſpeaking of his pupil, ſays, that he

Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd,

which ſeems to inſinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good Scholiaſt, as, indeed, every where elſe, lays open the very ſoul of modern criticiſm, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expreſſion hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the bleſſing of a rake ſignifying no more than that he might be a Rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itſelf, a common figure. The careful mother only wiſhed her ſon might be a Rake, as well knowing that its attendant Bleſſings would follow of courſe.

To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſpering woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps,
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth Eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every Vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal Senſe, of Operas or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigued with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Claſſic learning loſt on Claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound;

See

REMARKS.

Ver. 307. But chief, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

Ver. 308. And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe, for her naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

Ver. 318. greatly-daring din'd;] It being indeed no ſmall riſque to eat through thoſe extraordinary compoſitions, whoſe diſguiſed ingredients are generally unknown to the gueſts, and highly inflammatory and unwholeſome.

See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Eſtate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough chuſe him, not undone!
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Poſterity thy own.
Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the Hero and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from ſenſe of ſhame.

Then

REMARKS.

Ver. 324. With nothing but a Solo in his head;] With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how ſhould there be any thing elſe? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an Opera, which is enough of conſcience for ſuch a head as has loſt all its Latin. BENTL.

Ver. 326. Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three very eminent perſons, all Managers of Plays; who, though not Governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way, concerned themſelves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or their Finances, at that Period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his Talents for this end, ſee Book i. ver. 199, &c.

Ver. 331. Her too receive, &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular intereſt in this lady.

Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
No Cauſe, no Truſt, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd, on the rack of a too eaſy chair.
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The Pains and Penalties of Idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her Pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled emerald on his hand,
Falſe as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines,
Soft, as the wily Fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his prayer.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat,
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!

Thy

REMARKS.

Ver. 341. Thee too, my Paridel!] The Poet ſeems to ſpeak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenſer, who gives it to a wandering Courtly Squire, that travelled about for the ſame reaſon for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and eſpecially to Paris.

Ver. 347. Annius,] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many impoſitions and Forgeries of ancient manuſcripts and inſcriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annius had a more ſubſtantial motive.

Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl,
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce

REMARKS.

Ver. 363. Attys and Cecrops] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images; and the story of whose Pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman.

Ver. 371. Mummius] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummius he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, "that if any were "lost or broken, he should procure others to be made "in their stead;" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso.

Ibid.

Fierce as a ſtartled Adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient Siſtrum at his head:
Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.

True,

REMARKS.

Ibid. —Fool-renown'd] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renowned by fools, or renowned for making Fools.

Ver. 372. Cheops] A King of Egypt whoſe body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being ſtolen by a wild Arab, was purchaſed by the Conſul of Alexandria, and tranſmitted to the Muſeum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a paſſage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager aſſures us that he ſaw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (ſaith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to obſerve that Herodotus tells the ſame thing of it in his time.

Ver. 375. Speak'ſt thou of Syrian Princes? &c.] The ſtrange ſtory following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is juſtified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the Hiſtory of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being purſued by a Corſair of Sallee, ſwallowed down twenty gold medals. A ſudden Bouraſque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Phyſicians, of whom he demanded aſſiſtance. One adviſed Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but purſued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend the famous Phyſician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure.

True, he had wit, to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe:
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſqu'd the Grecian Gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft, obſtetric hand.

The

REMARKS.

Dufour, without ſtaying to inquire about the uneaſy ſymptoms of the burthen he carried, firſt aſked him, Whether the Medals were of the higher empire? He aſſured him they were. Dufour was raviſhed with the hope of poſſeſſing ſo rare a treaſure; he bargained with him on the ſpot for the moſt curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

Ver. 387. Witneſs great Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witneſs, as the father of Alexander, to whom thoſe Kings ſucceeded in the diviſion of the Macedonian Empire, and whoſe Horns they wore on their Medals.

Ver.

The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locuſts blackening all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Power,
A Neſt, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flower.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the Throne appeal.
The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flower,
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze!
Now

REMARKS.

Ver. 394. Douglas] A phyſician of great Learning and no leſs Taſte; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Tranſlation, and Comment, to the number of ſeveral hundred volumes.

Ver. 409. and nam'd it Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Floriſts uſually pay to Princes and great perſons, to give their names to the moſt curious Flowers of their raiſing: Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardener, at Hammerſmith, who cauſed his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inſcription, This is My Queen Caroline.

Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Lay'd this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilvery wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bower
The riſing game, and chac'd from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fixt, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this Paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs Butterfly.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care our ſleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
A drowſy

A drowſy Watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by ſome object every brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle kind;
The Mind in Metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of Moſs;
The head that turns at ſuperlunar things,
Poiſ'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.
O! would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes
And Reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy Flies!
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the Author of the whole eſcape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.
Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy Clerk,
Sworn foe to Myſtery, yet divinely dark;
Whoſe

VARIATION.

Ver. 441. The common ſoul, &c.] in the firſt Edit. thus,
Of Souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And moſt but find that centinel of God,
A drowſy Watchman in the land of Nod.

REMARKS.

Ver. 452. Wilkins' wings.] One of the firſt Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the Moon; which has put ſome volatile Geniuſes upon making wings for that purpoſe.

Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid ſteps and ſlow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's Cauſe through Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan;
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome Mechanic Cauſe into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuſe in Space.
Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cauſe,
Find

REMARKS.

Ver. 462. When Moral Evidence ſhall quite decay,] Alluding to a ridiculous and abſurd way of ſome Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæſar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate Houſe. See Craig's Theologiæ Chriſtianæ Principia Mathematica. But as it ſeems evident, that facts of a thouſand years old, for inſtance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain, that if in fifty more they quite diſappear, it muſt be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddeſs; for whoſe help therefore they have reaſon to pray.

Find Virtue local, all Relation ſcorn,
See all in Self, and but for Self be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our Reaſon ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
Wild through Poetic ſcenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.

Rous'd

REMARKS.

Ver. 492. Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.] It cannot be denied but that this fine ſtroke of ſatire againſt Atheiſm was well intended. But how muſt the Reader ſmile at our Author's officious zeal, when he is told, that at the time this was written, you might as ſoon have found a Wolf in England as an Atheiſt? The truth is, the whole ſpecies was exterminated. There is a trifling difference indeed concerning the Author of the Atchievement. Some, as Dr. Aſhenhurſt, gave it to Bentley's Boylean Lectures. And he ſo well convinced that great Man of the truth, that wherever afterwards he found Atheiſt, he always read it A Theiſt. But, in ſpite of a claim ſo well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a latter Boylean Lecturer. A judicious Apologiſt for Dr. Clarke, againſt Mr. Whiſton, ſays, with no leſs elegance than poſitiveneſs of Expreſſion, It is a moſt certain truth that the Demonſtration of the being and attributes of God, has extirpated

Rous'd at his name, up roſe the bowzy Sire,
And ſhook from out his Pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtrok'd his belly down,
Roſy and reverend, though without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddeſs Dame.
Then thus. From Prieſtcraft happily ſet free,
Lo! every finiſh'd Son returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to Words, then vaſſal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

Thus

REMARKS.

pated and baniſhed Atheiſm out of the Chriſtian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the cleareſt truths have ſtill their dark ſide. Here we ſee it becomes a doubt which of the two Herculeſes was the monſter-queller. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it ſo certain, there is no occaſion for ſo nice a canvaſſing of circumſtances. SCRIBL.

Ibid. Silenus] Silenus was an Epicurean Philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he ſings the principles of that Philoſophy in his drink.

Ver. 501. Firſt ſlave to words, &c.] A Recapitulation of the whole Courſe of modern Education deſcribed in this book, which confines Youth to the ſtudy of Words only in Schools; ſubjects them to the authority of Syſtems in the Univerſities; and deludes them with the names of Party diſtinctions in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the Underſtanding, and eſtabliſh Slavery and Error in Literature, Philoſophy, and Politics. The whole finiſhed in modern Free-thinking: the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and deſtructive to the happineſs of mankind; as it eſtabliſhes Self-love for the ſole Principle of Action.

Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down in Penſion, or in Punk!
So K *, ſo B * *, ſneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's ſlave.
Poor W * *, nipt in Folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy Magus, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
With that, a WIZARD OLD his Cup extends;
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,
Sire, Anceſtors, Himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies;
A Feather,

REMARKS.

Ver. 506. ſmil'd on by a Queen?] i. e. This Queen or Goddeſs of Dulneſs.

Ver. 517. With that a Wizard old, &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the GREATER MYSTERIES of the Goddeſs, which the Poet, in his Invocation, ver. 5. promiſed to ſing.

Ver. 518.—forgets his former Friends,] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to ſet aſide an uſeleſs Friendſhip. For of all the accommodations of faſhionable life, as there are none more reputable, ſo there are none of ſo little charge as friendſhip. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and reſpect; and at the ſame time is ready to give place to every paſſion that offers; to diſpute poſſeſſion with it. SCRIBL.

A Feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his Country, every thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horſes, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their Infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And

REMARKS.

Ver. 523, 524. Loſt is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King!] So ſtrange as this muſt ſeem to a mere Engliſh reader, the famous Monſ. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy: "Where (ſays he) "there is no ſuch thing as Love of our Country, the "Intereſt, the Glory, and Service of the Prince, ſupply "its place." De la Republique, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated French Author ſpeaks indeed a little more diſreſpectfully; which for that reaſon, we ſhall not tranſlate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des prémiers "Heros, n'eſt plus regardé que comme une Chimère; "l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe juſqu'à l'oubli de "tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit "autrefois Grandeur d'Ame et Fidelité." Boulainvilliers Hiſt. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.

Ver. 528. ſtill keep the human ſhape.] The effects of the Magus's Cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are juſt contrary to that of Circe, which only repreſents the ſudden plunging into pleaſures. Her's, therefore, took away the ſhape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human ſhape.

Ver.

And ſtrait ſucceeded, leaving ſhame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom,
Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the Flatterer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himſelf a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Intereſt her gay livery flings,
Intereſt, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
Others the Syren Sifters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On

REMARKS.

Ver. 529. But ſhe, good Goddeſs, &c.] The only comfort people can receive, muſt be owing in ſome ſhape or other to Dulneſs; which makes ſome ſtupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to ſome, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, preſents the falſe colours of Intereſt to others, and buſies or amuſes the reſt with idle Pleaſures, or Senſuality, till they become eaſy under any infamy. Each of which ſpecies is here ſhadowed under Allegorical perſons.

Ver. 532. Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.] i. e. She communicates to them of her own Virtue, or of her Royal Colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for Self-conceit, Self-Intereſt, &c. and the Cimmerian gloom, for the Pleaſures of Opera and the Table. SCRIBL.

On ſome, a Prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is ſhrunk into an Urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the Seve and Verdeur of the Vine.

What

REMARKS.

Ver. 553. The board with ſpecious Miracles he loads, &c.] Scriblerus ſeems at a loſs in this place. Specioſa miracula (ſays he) according to Horace, were the monſtrous fables of the Cyclops, Læſtrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have theſe to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I ſhall tell thee. The Læſtrygons ſpitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers; and the fair Pigeon turned to a Toad, is ſimilar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beaſt. But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in ſo ſhocking a ſhape ſhould be brought to a Table. Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a ſecond dreſſing, out of frugality: Yet that ſeems no probable motive, when we conſider the extravagance before mentioned, of diſſolving whole Oxen and Boars into a ſmall vial of Jelly; nay it is expreſly ſaid, that all Fleſh is nothing in his ſight. I have ſearched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feaſt of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only reſolve it into ſome myſterious ſuperſtitious Rite, as it is ſaid to be done by a Prieſt, and ſoon after called a Sacrifice, attended (as all ancient ſacrifices were) with Libation and Song.

SCRIBL.

This good Scholiaſt, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that theſe were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly "Pigeons en crapeau" were a common diſh.

Ver.

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne?
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.
KNIGHT lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three eſſential Partridges in one?
Gone every bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her Titles and Degrees.
Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale

REMARKS.

Ver. 556. Seve and Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines, which ſignify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
" Villandri priſeroit ſa Seve et ſa Verdeur."
Deſpreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in diſgrace, adviſing him to ſeek comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to theſe Qualities in his Champaigne.

Ver. 560. Bladen—Hays] Names of Gameſters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT Caſhier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by perſons of the firſt quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

Ibid. Bladen, &c.] The former Note of " Bladen is a black man," is very abſurd. The Manuſcript here is partly obliterated, and doubtleſs could only have been, Waſh Blackmoors white, alluding to a known Proverb.
SCRIBL.

Ver.

Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

Some,

REMARKS.

Ver. 567. Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,]
Hl would that Scholiaſt diſcharge his duty, who ſhould neglect to honour thoſe whom DULNESS has diſtinguiſhed: or ſuffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modeſty would have left them nameleſs. Let us not, therefore, overlook the Services which have been done her Cauſe, by one Mr. THOMAS EDWARDS, a Gentleman, as he is pleaſed to call himſelf, of Lincoln's-Inn; but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or, to ſpeak him better, in the plain language of our honeſt Anceſtors to ſuch Muſhrooms, a Gentleman of the laſt Edition: who, nobly eluding the ſolicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himſelf in the cauſe of Dulneſs againſt Shakeſpeare, and with the wit and learning of his Anceſtor Tom Thimble in the Rehearſal, and with the air of good-nature and politeneſs of Caliban in the Tempeſt, hath now happily finiſhed the Dunce's progreſs, in perſonal abuſe. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grubſtreet Critic run to Seed.

Lamentable is the Dulneſs of theſe Gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoſo and his friends, who are all Gentlemen, have exclaimed much againſt us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a Gentleman of the laſt Edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only: and mean no more than that he is become a Gentleman of the laſt Edition of the Dunciad. Since, Gentlemen, then, are ſo captious, we think it proper to declare that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here ſaid to be Mr. Thomas Edwards's Anceſtor, is only related to him by the Muſe's ſide. SCRIBL.

This Tribe of Men, which Scriblerus has here ſo well exemplified, our Poet hath elſewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

"A

Some, deep Free-maſons, join the ſilent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botaniſts, or Floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue Members of an Annual feaſt,
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.
Then bleſſing all, Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.
All

REMARKS.

"A brain of Feathers, and a heart of Lead."

For the ſatire extends much farther than to the perſon who occaſioned it, and takes in the whole ſpecies of thoſe on whom a good Education (to fit them for ſome uſeful and learned profeſſion) has been beſtowed in vain. That worthleſs Band

"Of ever-liſtleſs Loiterers, that attend
"No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no Friend."

Who, with an underſtanding too diſſipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpiſh, narrow, and contracted for thoſe of ſocial, become fit for nothing: and ſo turn Wits and Critics, where ſenſe and civility are neither required nor expected.

Ver. 571. Some, deep Free-Maſons, join the ſilent race] The Poet all along expreſſes a very particular concern for this ſilent Race: He has here provided, that in caſe they will not waken or open (as was before propoſed) to a Humming-Bird or a Cockle, yet at worſt they may be made Free-Maſons; where Taciturnity is the only eſſential Qualification, as it was the chief of the diſciples of Pythagoras.

Ver. 576. A Gregorian, one a Gormogon] A ſort of Laybrothers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Maſons.

All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, aſſert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own,
The Cap and Switch be ſacred to his Grace;
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis leads the Race;
From

REMARKS.

Ver. 584. each Privilege your own, &c.] This ſpeech of Dulneſs to her Sons at parting may poſſibly fall ſhort of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddeſs might give them a Charge of more conſequence, and, from ſuch a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of ſomething more extraordinary, than to perſonate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well conſidered, that whatever inclination they might have to do miſchief, her ſons are generally rendered harmleſs by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulneſs (even in her greateſt efforts) to defeat her own deſign; the Poet, I am perſuaded, will be juſtified, and it will be allowed that theſe worthy perſons, in their ſeveral ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.

Ver. 585. The Cap and Switch, &c.] The Goddeſs's political balance of favour, in the diſtribution of her rewards, deſerves our notice. It conſiſts in joining with thoſe Honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the Candidates. And thus her great Fore-runner, John of Leyden, King of Munſter, entered on his Government, by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, General of his Horſe and Hangman. And had but Fortune ſeconded his great ſchemes of Reformation, it is ſaid, he would have eſtabliſhed his whole Houſehold on the ſame reaſonable footing. SCRIBL.

From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk Arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (Pontific Luxury!)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye;
The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one Monarch more:
And, nobly conſcious, Princes are but things
Born for firſt Miniſters, as Slaves for Kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three Eſtates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!

More

REMARKS.

Ver. 590. Arachne's ſubtile line;] This is one of the moſt ingenious employments aſſigned, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, ſee the Phil. Tranſ.

Ver. 591. The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and ſolemn Dance, intitled, A Call of Sergeants.

Ver. 598. Teach Kings to fiddle,] An ancient amuſement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though deſpiſed by Themiſtocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoiſe, or Siberia.

More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?
Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd:
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G— preach'd)

Then

REMARKS.

Ver. 606. What Mortal can reſiſt the Yawn of Gods?] This verſe is truly Homerical; as is the concluſion of the Action, where the great Mother compoſes all, in the ſame manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyſſey.—It may indeed ſeem a very ſingular Epitaſis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a Great Yawn; but we muſt conſider it as the Yawn of a God, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, and moſt long and grave counſels concluding in this very manner: Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spenſer having ended one of the moſt conſiderable of his works with a Roar; but then it is the Roar of a Lion, the effects whereof are deſcribed as the Cataſtrophe of the Poem.

Ver. 607. Churches and Chapels, &c.] The Progreſs of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. Firſt it ſeizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to ſleep, the Maſters are not: Next Weſtminſter-hall, much more hard indeed to ſubdue, and not totally put to ſilence even by the Goddeſs: Then the Convocation, which though extremely deſirous to ſpeak, yet cannot: Even the Houſe of Commons, juſtly called the Senſe of the Nation, is loſt (that is to ſay ſuſpended) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to ſuggeſt it could be loſt any longer!) but it ſpreadeth at large over all the reſt of the Kingdom, to ſuch a degree, that Palinurus himſelf (though as incapable of ſleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which,

though

Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak:
Loſt was the Nation's Senſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn Uniſon went round:
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd Treaties in each Office ſlept;
And Chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the Campaign!
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.
O Muſe! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort Memories, and Dunces none)
Relate,

REMARKS.

though ever ſo momentary, could not but cauſe ſome Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.

Ver. 610. The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak;] Implying a great deſire ſo to do, as the learned Scholiaſt on the place rightly obſerves. Therefore beware, Reader, leſt thou take this Gape for a Yawn, which is attended with no deſire but to go to reſt: by no means the diſpoſition of the Convocation; whoſe melancholy caſe in ſhort is this: She was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the Goddeſs; and while ſhe was yawning careleſsly at her eaſe, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clap'd a Gag into her chops. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this diſtreſsful poſture our poet here deſcribes, juſt as ſhe ſtands at this day, a ſad example of the effects of Dulneſs and Malice unchecked, and deſpiſed. BENTL.

Ver. 615—618.] Theſe Verſes were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is miſtaken, or whoever elſe have imagined this Poem of a freſher date.

Relate, who firſt, who laſt reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe Heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;
What charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong— 625
O ſing, and huſh the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * * * * * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-compoſing Hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: the Muſe obeys the Power.

She

REMARKS.

Ver. 620. Wits have ſhort Memories,] This ſeems to be the reaſon why the Poets, when they give us a Catalogue, conſtantly call for help on the Muſes, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'——

And Virgil, Æn. vii.

"Et meminiſtis enim, Divæ, et memorare poteſtis:
"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

But our Poet had yet another reaſon for putting this Taſk upon the Muſe, that, all beſides being aſleep, ſhe only could relate what paſſed. SCRIBL.

Ver. 624. The Venal quiet, and, &c.] It were a Problem worthy the ſolution of Mr. Ralph and his Patron, who had lights that we know nothing of,——Which required the greateſt effort of our Goddeſs's power, to intrance the Dull, or to quiet the Venal. For though the Venal may be more unruly than the Dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expence of her Virtue to intrance than barely to quiet. SCRIBL.

She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable Throne behold
Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſickening ſtars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night:
See ſkulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!

Philo-

REMARKS.

Ver. 629. She comes! ſhe comes! &c.] Here the Muſe, like Jove's Eagle, after a ſudden ſtoop at ignoble game, ſoareth again to the ſkies. As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of Poeſy, our Poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the ſtyle of other prophets, hath uſed the future tenſe for the preterit: ſince what he ſays ſhall be, is already to be ſeen, in the writings of ſome even of our moſt adored authors, in Divinity, Philoſophy, Phyſics, Metaphyſics, &c. who are too good indeed to be named in ſuch company.

Ibid. The ſable Throne behold] The ſable Thrones of Night and Chaos, here repreſented as advancing to extinguiſh the light of the Sciences, in the firſt place blot out the Colours of Fancy, and damp the fire of Wit, before they proceed to their work.

Ver. 641. Truth to her old cavern fled.] Alluding to the ſaying of Democritus, That Truth lay at the bot-

Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.
Phyſic of Metaphyſic begs defence,
And Metaphyſic calls for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die,
Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. in the former Ed. it ſtood thus,

Philoſophy, that reach'd the Heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, and is no more.

And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Ariſtotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend Dr. A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a ſatire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines with great pleaſure into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the folly by which he the Poet himſelf had been miſled.

REMARKS.

tom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: Though Butler ſays, He firſt put her in, before he drew her out.

Ver. 649. Religion bluſhing veils her ſacred fires,] Bluſhing as well at the memory of the paſt overflow of Dulneſs, when the barbarous learning of ſo many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the ſimplicity, and defiling

Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to ſhine:
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpſe divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is reſtor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

REMARKS.

defiling the purity of Religion, as at the view of theſe her falſe ſupports in the preſent; of which it would be endleſs to recount the particulars. However, amidſt the extinction of all other Lights, ſhe is ſaid only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguiſhable and eternal.

Ver. 650. And unawares Morality expires.] It appears from hence that our Poet was of very different ſentiments from the Author of the Characteriſtics, who has written a formal treatiſe on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the ſupport of Religion. The word Unawares alludes to the confidence of thoſe men, who ſuppoſe that Morality would flouriſh beſt without it, and conſequently to the ſurprize ſuch would be in (if any ſuch there are) who indeed love Virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the Religion of their Country.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

By the AUTHOR.

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdaſhers of Points and Particles, being inſtigated by the ſpirit of Pride, and aſſuming to themſelves the name of Critics and Reſtorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current ſenſe of our Glorious Anceſtors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own baſe alloy, or otherwiſe falſifying the ſame; which they publiſh, utter, and vend as genuine: The ſaid Haberdaſhers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, aſſigns, or in any ſort related to ſuch Poets, to all or any of them: Now we, having carefully

carefully reviſed this our Dunciad, [a] beginning with the Words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire ſum of One thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four verſes, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impreſſion to be authentic: And do therefore ſtrictly enjoin and forbid any perſon or perſons whatſoever, to eraſe, reverſe, put between hooks, or by

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[a] Read thus confidently, inſtead of "beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word flies," as formerly it ſtood: Read alſo, "containing the entire "ſum of one thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four "verſes," inſtead of "one thouſand and twelve lines;" ſuch being the initial and final words, and ſuch the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the firſt Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never ſeen by the Author (though living and not blind): The Editor himſelf confeſſed as much in his preface: And no two poems were ever publiſhed in ſo arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly ſuppreſſed whole Paſſages, yea the entire laſt book, as the Editor of Paradiſe Loſt, added and augmented. Milton himſelf gave but ten books, his Editor twelve; this Author gave four books, his Editor only three. But we have happily done juſtice to both; and preſume we ſhall live, in this our laſt labour, as long as in any of our others.

BENTL.

by any other means, directly or indirectly change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earneſtly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wiſh our great Predeceſſors had heretofore ſet, as a remedy and prevention of all ſuch abuſes. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration ſhall be conſtrued to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every ſubject of this Realm, to judge, cenſure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatſoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thouſand ſeven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

APPEN-

APPENDIX.

I.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five firſt imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three Books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER [a] to the READER.

IT will be found a true obſervation, though ſomewhat ſurprizing, that when any ſcandal is vented againſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and character, either in the ſtate or literature, the Public in general afford it a moſt quiet reception: and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were ſome kindneſs done to

[a] The Publiſher] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that "moſt judges are of opinion this preface is not of Eng- "liſh extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publiſher or not, may be ſaid in a ſort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reaſons ſpecified in the preface to their Miſcellanies) determined to own the

to themſelves: whereas if a known ſcoundrel or block-head but chanced to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cauſe of all ſcriblers, bookſellers, and printers whatſoever.

Not

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the moſt trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to deſtroy all that remained in their power; the firſt ſketch of this poem was ſnatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who perſuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inſcribed. But the occaſion of printing it was as follows:

There was publiſhed in thoſe Miſcellanies, a Treatiſe of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the ſpecies of bad writers were ranged in claſſes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the moſt part at random. But ſuch was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf. All fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common Newspapers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſehoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled Licenſe of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common Enemies of mankind; ſince to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them; either the bookſellers would not find their account

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a fact, that every week for theſe two months paſt, the town has been perſecuted with [b] pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the Character and perſon of Mr. Pope. And that of all thoſe men who have received pleaſure from his works, which by modeſt computation may be about a [c] hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland

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count in employing them, or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſs, that by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their Names as was neceſſary to his deſign.

[b] Pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.] See the Liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the Poem.

[c] about a hundred thouſand] It is ſurprizing with what ſtupidity this preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by thoſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curll, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.] "Though I grant the Dunciad a better "poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I "read it with thoſe vain-glorious encumbrances of "Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that "you, who have writ with ſuch maſterly ſpirit upon "the ruling paſſion, ſhould be ſo blind a ſlave to your "own, as not to ſee how far a low avarice of Praiſe," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.)

land (not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Orcades, thoſe in the new world, and foreigners who have tranſlated him into their languages); of all this number not a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defence.

The only exception is the [d] author of the following poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater perſonal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifeſts of the moſt private authors of all the anonymous pieces againſt him, and from his having in this poem attacked [e] no man living, who had not before printed, or publiſhed ſome ſcandal againſt this gentleman.

How I came poſſeſt of it, is no concern to the reader: but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; ſince thoſe names which are its chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt render it too ſoon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who

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[d] The author of the following poem, &c.] A very plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

[e] The publiſher in theſe words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of ſuch; and the exception is only of two or three, whoſe dulneſs, impudent ſcurrility, or ſelf-conceit, all mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

Who he is I cannot ſay, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly [f] nothing in his ſtyle and manner of writing, which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him: For if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the frequency of his alluſions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to ſay affected) ſhortneſs in imitation of him, I ſhould think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the ſame taſte with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full [g] ſix years of his life, and that he wholly retired

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[f] There is certainly nothing in his ſtyle, &c.] This irony had ſmall effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſhed two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

[g] the labour of full ſix years, &c.] This alſo was honeſtly and ſeriouſly believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney. "We are "told it was the labour of ſix years, with the utmoſt "aſſiduity and application: It is no great compliment "to the author's ſenſe, to have employed ſo large a part "of his life, &c." So alſo Ward, prof. to Durgen, "The Dunciad, as the publiſher very wiſely confeſſes, "coſt the author ſix years retirement from all the plea-"ſures of life; though it is ſomewhat difficult to con-"ceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could "be ſo long in hatching, &c. But the length of time "and cloſeneſs of application were mentioned, to pre-"poſſeſs the reader with a good opinion of it."

They juſt as well underſtood what Scriblerus ſaid of the poem.

retired himſelf from all the avocations and pleaſures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and ſix years more he intended to beſtow upon it, as would ſeem by this verſe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuſcript.

" O mihi biſſenos multum vigilata per annos,
" Duncia! [h]"

Hence alſo we learn the true title of the poem: which with the ſame certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Luſiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be, no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is ſtyled Heroic, as being doubly ſo; not only with reſpect to its nature, which according to the beſt rules of the ancients, and ſtricteſt ideas of the moderns, is critically ſuch; but alſo with regard to the heroical diſpoſition and high courage of the writer, who dared to ſtir up ſuch a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may ariſe ſome obſcurity in chronology from the Names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of ſome authors, and inſertion of others in their niches. For whoever will conſider the unity of the whole deſign, will be ſenſible, that the poem was not made for theſe

[h] The prefacer to Curll's key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: " By a quibble on the word Dun-" cia, the Dunciad is formed." Mr. Ward alſo follows him in the ſame opinion.

theſe authors, but theſe authors for the poem. I ſhould judge that they were clapped in as they roſe, freſh and freſh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thruſt new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled, or anxious, if he cannot decypher them: ſince when he ſhall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the perſons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preſerve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the ſatire would only be multiplied, and applied to many inſtead of one. Had the hero, for inſtance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. But now all that unjuſt ſcandal is ſaved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real perſon.

II.

A LIST of BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES,

In which our Author was abuſed, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and ſatirical on a late Rhapſody, called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A New Rehearſal, or Bays the younger: containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [by Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1 s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occaſioned by his intended tranſlation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket eſquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æſop at the Bear-garden; a viſion, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preſton. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet, or Proteſtant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-ſhow at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By George Ducket eſq; printed by E. Curll.

A com-

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. [by Griffin a player, ſupervised by Mr. Th—] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joſeph Gay, [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's tranſlation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate; or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welſted] 1721, Folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts. Folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliz. Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the Author of the Critical Hiſtory of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or an account of the writings, characters, &c. of ſeveral gentlemen libelled, by S— and P—, in a late Miſcellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the public Prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. [Writ by M. Concannen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A letter about Therſites; accuſing the author of diſaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry. [Suppoſed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying

Flying Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P--'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the tranſlation of the character of Therſites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, and Advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waſte Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Bookſellers (in hopes of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by advertiſing them in this manner.— "The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for "which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue "to Powel's Puppet-ſhow. By Col. Ducket (for "which he was put into the Dunciad). Eſſays, &c. "By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a "paſſage of this Book that Sir Richard was put into "the Dunciad.") And ſo of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Eſſay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared,

ed, "That the complaint of the aforeſaid Libels and "Advertiſements was forged and untrue: that all "mouths had been ſilent, except in Mr. Pope's praiſe; "and nothing againſt him publiſhed, but by Mr. Theo-"bald."]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll, 12mo, price 6 d.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the ſame E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the ſame Mr. Curll, 12mo. price 6 d. With the Metamorphoſis of P. into a ſtinging Nettle. By. Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6 d.

The Dunciad diſſected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Eſſay on the Taſte and Writings of the preſent Times. Said to be writ by a Gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Sup-

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. by Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mift's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, ſigned W. A. Writ by ſome or other of the club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for ſome time held conſtant weekly meetings for thoſe kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter ſigned Philoſcriblerus, on the name of Pope.—Letter to Mr. Theobald in verſe, ſigned B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] againſt Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the ſame papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mift's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Poſt, Auguſt 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Auguſt 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treaſon.

Durgen: A plain ſatire on a pompous ſatiriſt. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana ſecunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the News-papers, like the former Volume, under the ſame title, by Smedley. Advertiſed in the Craftſman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promiſe, that "any thing which any body ſhould ſend "as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's ſhould be inſerted and "publiſhed as theirs."

Pope Alexander's ſupremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean

Dean Jonathan's Paraphraſe on the ivth chapter of Geneſis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verſes by Leonard Welſted, which after came into One Epiſtle, and was publiſhed by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welſted's own name, under the juſt title of Dulneſs and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed,

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divivity, from Hampton-court [Lord H—y]. Printed for J. Roberts alſo, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent-Garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. not anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the

the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffenſive, and (what was worſe) to abuſe his friends, by an impreſſion at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was ſent me from ſeveral hands, and conſequently muſt be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moſt commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diſtance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleaſure from the very Obſcurity of the perſons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which moſt people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever ſo inconſiderable or trivial.

Of the Perſons it was judged proper to give ſome account: for ſince it is only in this monument that they muſt expect to ſurvive (and here ſurvive they will, as long as the Engliſh tongue ſhall remain ſuch as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE,) it ſeemed but humanity to beſtow a word or two upon each, juſt to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breaſt, to mark the enormities for which they ſuffered; leſt the correction

correction only ſhould be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In ſome articles it was thought ſufficient, barely to tranſcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need ſay nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but thoſe who are too much concerned to be judges.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

The FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when printed ſeparately in the Year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three firſt books of the Dunciad, that we publiſh this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a ſurvey of the Library of a late eminent nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and in ſo many detached pieces, as plainly ſhewed it to be not only incorrect, but unfiniſhed. That the author of the three firſt books had a deſign to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the diſſertation prefixed to it, where it is ſaid, that the deſign is more extenſive, and that we may expect other epiſodes to complete it: And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accompliſhment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourſelves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the laſt ſix books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publiſher, we ſhall make the next edition more complete: In which we alſo promiſe to inſert any Criticiſms that ſhall be publiſhed (if at all to the

the purpoſe) with the Names of the Authors; or any letters ſent us (though not to the purpoſe) ſhall yet be printed under the title of Epiſtolæ Obſcurorum Virorum; which, together with ſome others of the ſame kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleaſant addition to the future impreſſions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving ſome ſort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happineſs of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Eſſay on Man, and have ſince finiſhed another on the Eſſay on Criticiſm. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation: but I ſtill thought ſome additions were wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to the humourous notes of Scriblerus, and even to thoſe written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long deſired, and favour me with his explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happened, that juſt at that juncture was publiſhed a ridiculous book againſt him, full of perſonal Reflections, which furniſhed him with a lucky opportunity of improving This Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more conſiderable Hero. He was always ſenſible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it paſs with the Hero

it

it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the leaſt expectation that ſuch an one was reſerved for this Poſt, as has ſince obtained the Laurel: But ſince that had happened, he could no longer deny this juſtice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to ſay, there was another motive which had ſtill more weight with our Author: This perſon was one, who from every Folly (not to ſay Vice) of which another would be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a Vanity! and therefore was the man in the world who would leaſt be hurt by it.

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they looked upon them as an abuſe: we can do no leſs than own, it is our opinion, that to call theſe gentlemen bad authors is no ſort of abuſe, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no Wit, or Poet, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really ſuch, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis ſingly, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Dryden is a mere renegado from Monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe [a]. A true republican ſon of monarchical Church [b]. A republican Atheiſt [c]. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοτριόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt [d].

In the Poem called Abſalom and Achitophel are notoriouſly traduced, The KING, the QUEEN, the LORDS and GENTLEMEN, not only their honourable perſons expoſed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES

[a] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo, 1698, p. 6.
[b] Pag. 38. [c] Pag. 192. [d] Pag. 8.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

His POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country and the commonwealth of learning [a]. Some call him a Popiſh whig, which is directly inconſiſtent [b]. Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt be a tory and high flyer [c]. He is both whig and tory [d].

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments [e].

In his Miſcellanies, the Perſons abuſed are, The KING, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houſes of

[a] Dennis, Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. xii.
[b] Dunciad diſſected. [c] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[d] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[e] Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journals, June 22, 1728.

TIVES notoriouſly libelled. It is ſcandalum magnatum, yea of MAJESTY itſelf [e].

He looks upon God's Goſpel as a fooliſh fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor [f]. His very chriſtianity may be queſtioned [g]. He ought to expect more ſeverity than other men, as he is moſt unmerciful in his own reflections on others [h]: With as good a right as his Holineſs, he ſets up for poetical infallibility [i].

Mr. DRYDEN only a Verſifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be ſaid of it) with good metre [k]. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Verſification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a queſtion [l].

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonſon calls it Dryden's Virgil, to ſhew that this is not that Virgil ſo admired in the Auguſtan age; but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a ſilly, impertinent, nonſenſical writer. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil [m]; and none but ſuch unthinking Vermin admire his Tranſlator [n]. It is true, ſoft and eaſy lines might become Ovid's Epiſtles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majeſtic, &c. requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſe-

[e] Whip and Key, 4to, printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref. [f] Ibid. [g] Milbourn, p. 9. [h] Ibid. p. 175. [i] Pag. 39. [k] Whip and Key, Pref. [l] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84. [m] Milbourn, p. 2. [n] Pag. 35.

of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the eſtabliſhed CHURCH, the preſent MINISTRY, &c. To make Senſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into ROYAL SCANDAL [f].

He is a Popiſh Rhymeſter, bred up with a contempt of the ſacred Writings [g]. His Religion allows him to deſtroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy Wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh Principles [h]. It deſerved vengeance to ſuggeſt, that Mr. Pope had leſs Infallibility, than his Nameſake at Rome [i].

Mr. POPE only a Verſifier.

The ſmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit [k]. It muſt be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing ſmooth verſe [l].

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranſlated him, one would ſwear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnaſſus, and a puddle in ſome Bog for his Hippocrene [m]. He has no Admirers among thoſe that can diſtinguiſh, diſcern, and judge [n].

He

[f] Liſt, at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſments, 8vo. printed for A. Mooré, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6. [g] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. [h] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. [i] Dedication to the Collection of Verſes, Letters, &c. p. 9. [k] Miſt's Journal of June 8, 1728. [l] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. [m] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. [n] Ib. p. 14.

cloſeneſs of expreſſion; not an amibling Muſe running on Carpet ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberleſs faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expreſſion o.

pMr. DRYDEN underſtood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Weſtminſter ſchool; Dr. Buſby would have whipt him for ſo childiſh a Paraphraſe p. The meaneſt Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for conſtruing ſo abſurdly q. The Tranſlator is mad: every line betrays his Stupidity r. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not underſtand his Author s. This ſhews how fit Mr. D. may be to tranſlate Homer! A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but ἴσχω for ἴσχω muſt be the error of the Author: Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Preſs t. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies —He writes for the Ladies, and not for uſe u.

The Tranſlator puts in a little Burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated Subſcribers w.

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subſcribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money; and not

o Milb. p. 22, and 192. p Pag. 72.
q Pag. 203. r Pag. 78. s Pag. 206.
t Pag. 19. u Pag. 144. 190. w Pag. 67.

He hath a knack at ſmooth verſe, but without either Genius or good Senſe, or any tolerable knowledge of Engliſh. The qualities which diſtinguiſh Homer are the beauties of his Diction, and the Harmony of his Verſification—But this little author, who is ſo much in vogue, has neither Senſe in his thoughts, nor Engliſh in his expreſſions[o].

Mr. POPE underſtood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to tranſlate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into Engliſh, of which he underſtands as little[p]. I wonder how this Gentleman would look, ſhould it be diſcovered, that he has not tranſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek[q]. He has ſtuck ſo little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion[r]. I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellencies which has ſo delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies[s].

But he has a notable talent at Burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it.[t].

Mr. POPE tricked his Subſcribers.

It is indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for

[o] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91. [p] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.
[q] Daily Jour. April 23, 1728. [r] Suppl. to the Profound, Pref. [s] Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66. [t] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.

not to hope that thoſe who can read for themſelves, will be impoſed upon, merely by a partiality and unſeaſonably celebrated Name [x]. "Poetis quidlibet audendi" ſhall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, though it ſhould extend to picking of pockets [y].

Names beſtowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape dreſt up in a gawdy gown —Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with —None but Apiſh and Papiſh brats will heed him [z].

An ASS.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is another beaſt that crouches under all [a].

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would ſwell to the bulk of an Ox [b].

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage [c].

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jeſus Chriſt: And if I miſtake not, I've read ſomewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majeſty [d].

A FOOL.] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceited Fool [e].—Some great Poets are poſitive Blockheads [f].

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden [g].

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[x] Milb. p. 192. [y] Pag. 125. [z] Whip and Key, Pref. [a] Milb. p. 105. [b] Pag. 11.
[c] Pag. 176. [d] Pag. 57. [e] Whip and Key, Pr.
[f] Milb. p. 34. [g] Ibid. p. 35.

for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: But it is too late to diſſuade by demonſtrating the madneſs of the Project. The Subſcribers expectations have been raiſed in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of [u]. Pope has been concerned in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Bookſellers [w].

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An ASS.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's ſkin from this little Aſs [y].

A FROG.] A ſquab ſhort Gentleman—a little creature that, like the Frog in the Fable, ſwells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an Ox [z].

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